Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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Established June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year, it is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

CITY EXPENSES

The following is a summary of the appropriations for the city of Newport for the coming year, as recommended by the Committee of Twenty-Five. It foots up a petty tidy sum for the taxpayers to raise. In fact, it is considerably more than double what it was six years ago. At this rate of increase of expenses, what will be the condition of Newport six years hence?

Fire Department	$95,859 87
Police Department	129,686 01
Health Department	36,037 00
Hospitals	38,650 00
Mayor's Office	3,425 00
Council and Aldermen	7,450 00
City Clerk	8,572 00
Law Department	2,200 00
City Treasurer	5,150 00
Tax Collector	3,060 00
Tax Assessors	3,000 00
Auditing	400 00
Sinking Fund Commiss'ers	50 00
Advertising	1,200 00
Other General Officers	2,000 00
Elections	11,000 00
Indexing and Preservation of Records	250 00
Courts	4,880 00
Inspector of Nuisances	1,600 00
Inspector of Plumbing	1,925 00
Inspector of Buildings	2,950 00
Sealer of Weights and Measures	550 00
Miscellaneous Public Safety	3,425 00
Statistical Department	500 00
Water Supply	10,350 00
Bathing Beaches	480 00
Public Celebrations and Entertainments	980 00
Cemeteries	1,120 00
Docks and Wharves	1,000 00
Notes and Bonds	324,913 90
Miscellaneous Public Charities	210 00
Prisons and Reformatories	800 00
Miscellaneous	2,416 00
Newport County Farm Bureau	500 00
Parks	12,985 00
Schools	275,890 00
Recreation & Playgrounds	5,825 00
City Hall	7,324 00
Charities and Corrections	17,270 00
Highways and Bridges	270,196 00
Street Lights	45,591 01
Estimated Deficit	80,000 00
Total	$1,422,578 89

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the committee to whom was referred the protest of the Town of Middletown against the bill rendered by the City of Newport for the services of the fire department at the burning of the Ocean House some weeks ago, reported that the bill was just and should be paid without delay. The committee had had a conference with Councilman Sherman of Middletown and believed that the matter would be taken up again at the next meeting of the town council.

Alderman Thompson reported on the petition of Clairmont Grinnell for a permit to erect a garage on Friendship street, that a public garage had been operated there, and that the matter of a permit was therefore up to the building inspector, and the board of aldermen had no jurisdiction. Many of the neighbors were present, and as soon as the decision was announced, Sergeant Loughlin presented to Inspector Douglas a protest against granting the permit.

Aside fom this the business of the meeting was mostly routine. Aldermen Hughes and iWlliams reported on two applications for Sunday selling licenses that had been referred to them, recommending that licenses be granted to S. S. Mason and to Harry Smith.

The next meeting of the board will be on Monday at 11.30 a. m., when there will be a few matters to clean up before the meeting of the representative council.

COUNCIL MEETS MONDAY

The representative council will meet next Monday, but contrary to custom there will be no inaugural ceremonies and no election of officers. At the last session of the General Assembly the term of office of all present officers was extended, and the municipal election was placed at two year intervals so that there was no city election this year and hence no new government to be installed.

The principal business of the session on Monday will be to hear the report of the committee of 25 and the adoption of the budget for the year. There is even a possibility that this may not be accomplished, as there is some doubt as to whether the printed copies of the report were mailed in time to comply with the law. The charter requires that the printed reports shall be in the hands of taxpayers seven days before action is taken thereon, and because of the delay in the mails at the Christmas season it is doubtful if the taxpayers received them in time, although they were deposited in he mails within the time limit.

The budget as prepared by the committee is a big one and will naturally result in an increased tax rate, although provision is made for floating a bond issue to take care of the accumulated deficit. To the ordinary business man this seems like a poor way of financing the city business.

NEWPORT BAR ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting and dinner of the Newport County Bar Association was held on Wednesday evening, with a large attendance of members. President Frank F. Nolan presided at the dinner and also at the business meeting that preceded it, when the following officers were elected:

President—Frank F. Nolan.

Vice President—Charles H. Koehne, Jr.

Secretary—William P. Sheffield.

Treasurer—Hugh B. Baker.

Social Committee—Walter Curry, chairman; Charles J. Mahoney, Edward J. Corcoran.

Following an excellent dinner there was some speaking, and plans were laid to follow up the candidacy of Judge Hugh B. Baker for promotion to the Superior Court bench to fill one of the two vacancies. All spoke strongly in favor of Judge Baker, and the entire Bar Association, regardless of party, stands as a unit behind him. The members propose to leave no stone unturned to secure his election.

Another subject of much interest to the members was the matter of securing a new court house. The necessity for such a building was clearly set forth, and the members of the General Assembly explained what is being done to further the project in connection with the movement for a new court house in the city of Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Durfee were tendered a surprise reception in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, in Channing parlors on Thursday evening. The affair was arranged by their daughter, Mrs Ida Miller, and was a complete success. Mr. and Mrs. Durfee were escorted to the receiving line, where they were joined by Rev. and Mrs. William Safford Jones, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Holt, Miss Alice Ward and Miss Ada Crandall. Ray Groff's orchstra furnished music and a delightful evening was enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Durfee were the recipients of many valuable gifts of silver in honor of the anniversary.

Mr. Harold L. Peckham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Peckham of this city, who is now connected with the great Hammermill Paper Mills at Erie, Pa., gave a very interesting talk at the Miantonomi Club on Wednesday evening on the subject of "Paper Making." The talk was illustrated by steeopticon slides, and covered every phase of the complicated and technical process of making paper. As this is a process with which the average business man has little acquaintance, the lecture proved of unusual interest. Mr. Peckham will deliver the same lecture in different places during the winter.

Federal prohibition agents from the Providence office came to Newport on Wednesday and in connection with men from the Newport Police department made two raids in this city. One was on a former saloon on Long Wharf, and the other at a private residence on Extension street. At both places they seized considerable liquor.

Mrs. Archibald C. Sherman is at the Newport Hospital where she was operated upon for appendicitis a few days ago. Her condition is reported as being as comfortable as could be expected.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Sunday was hardly a typical Christmas Day, the weather being rather too warm to typify the holiday season. Light rain fell at times and there were also snow flurries that served to whiten the ground a little, but this soon disappeared. Saturday night the Comunity chorus about the Christmas tree on Washington Square was somewhat interfered with by the rain, but nevertheless the spirit of Christmas seemed to prevail throughout the city. There were the usual services in the churches on Sunday and music appropriate to the season was rendered by the church choirs. The general celebration of the day was held on Monday, all places of business being closed throughout the day.

The Christmas observance by Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., was held Monday noon, with Eminent Commander Benjamin F. Downing, 3d, presiding. There were toasts to the Grand Master and Grand Commander, the responses being by Prelate Arthur B. Commerford and Judge Hugh B. Baker. The principal address was delivered by Mr. Fred W. Johnstone, Captain General of the Commandery, who talked in a very interesting manner on "The Ancient Templar," telling of the origin of the various orders of knighthood that grew out of the several crusades for the rescue of the Holy Land. Music was furnished by Mrs. Gertrude Downing Holman, contralto, and Mr. Joseph Clarke Ames, baritone, wih Mr. Henry Stuart Hendy at the piano and Mr. Ray Groff, violin. There was a large attendance of members and guests.

Rev. Mr. Jeter, who is visiting the cities in the interest of the Humane and Reform Movement to better the conditions and life of his race throughout the United States, is meeting with much encouragement from leading men who see the importance of his mission which is to benefit the country at large. He went to Boston yesterday to meet the Pastors and others who are interested. He has secured advisory boards in five cities, Boston, Newport, Providence, Philadelphia and Washington. He has such men on the Board as Mayor Peters of Boston, Mayor Mahoney of Newport, Mayor Quinn of Cambridge, Mr. Clinton F. Stevens, Treasurer of the Peoples' Bank of Providence, Rev. Frank P. Parkin, D. D., General Secretary of the American Bible Society, Philadelphia, Judge Robert Terrell of the Municipal Court, Washington, D. C., and others. He is endeavoring to secure advisory boards in every city who will advise the work in the respective cities. Dr. Jeter will start for the western cities next week and expects to go as far as California. He is appealing to the public to help to do this work that is to benefit all.

The second annual "Kiddies' Christmas tree" for the children of members of Kolah Grotto will be held at Masonic Hall on Monday afternoon at 2.00 o'clock. Two large trees have been secured and gifts will be ready for all the children who attend. The Grotto Band will be on hand and will furnish music for the occasion. Monarch William H. Bevans will preside at the ceremonies and there will be light refreshments for the older folks.

The police have rounded up two groups of young boys who have been engaged in petty pilfering. One group stole some tobacco fom a local store, sold it and pocketed the proceeds. Another group broke open a weighing machine and decamped with considerable money.

Several conferences have been held between representatives of the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company and the board of aldermen of the city of Newport relative to better facilities on the ferry, which is regarded as one of the main highways into Newport.

Mr. William Allen, the veteran barber, is reported as considerably improved following his sudden illness of last week, and expects to be at his place of business again within a few days.

Rev. Charles W. Forster has concluded his duties as rector of Emmanuel Church, and has gone to Christ Church, Staten Island. No successor has yet been chosen.

Visitors from cities a short distance north of us are surprised to find no snow in Newport. Good sleighing is in order all through New England.

There was good skating on the ponds early in the week, but the soft weather on Thursday made the ice rather mushy.

The Commandery Drill Corps will hold a New Year's Eve celebration at Masonic Hall next Monday evening.

ADMIRAL CHARLES H. DAVIS

Rear Admiral Charles Henry Davis, a well known summer resident of Jamstown and a distinguished retired officer of the Navy, died at his home in Washington on Tuesday. He was seventy-six years of age, and since the death of his wife a comparatively short time ago, his health had not been of the best. He will be greatly missed both in Newport and Jamestown, where he had been accustomed to spend the summers for many years, owning a handsome residence on the Dumplings.

Admiral Davis was born in Cambridge on August 28, 1845, and was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1864, serving through the various grades until his retirement with the rank of Rear Admiral. H had served on various commissions, being at the time of his death a member of the Oliver Hazard Perry Memorial Commission that has charge of the Perry Monument at Put-in-Bay, Ohio.

In 1905 he was appointed as one of the American members of the international commission which investigated the firing of a Russian fleet on a British fishing fleet in the North sea. He was one of the outstanding members of the commission, and at the conclusion of its work was invited by King Edward to Buckingham Palace. He passed the invitation, however, for diplomatic reasons.

As commander of the Dixie during the Spanish-American war, he did much effective work along the southern coast of Cuba, sinking gunboats, crippling forts and smashing blockhouses. He is well known as an author of several widely known professional books.

He was the first to rush aid to the stricken city of Kingston, after the earthquake at Jamaica, in January, 1907. Admiral Davis, at that time, picking up a wireless message telling of the catastrophe, rushed a torpedo boat destroyer and two battleships from Guantanamo, Cuba, to Kingston, carrying medical officers and supplies.

ALFRED W. CHASE

Mr. Alfred W. Chase, long principal of the Cranston School until his retirement in 1910, died at his home on Clinton avenue on Tuesday, after a long illness, in his eighty-seventh year. He had been confined to his bed for only a few days, but had been in failing health for a long time, and the death of his son last summer further reduced his powers of resistance.

Mr. Chase is best konwn to many present and former Newport boys and girls as the teacher of the Third Grammar grade and principal of the Cranston School. A strict disciplinarian, he was an excellent teacher, and won the confidence and esteem of his pupils. Even when advancing years began to bear upon him, he kept himself in physical condition and loved to run races with his boys in the school yard. He took a deep interest in each of his pupils and followed their future careers after they left the school.

Mr. Chase was born in Middletown, but in his younger days taught school for a number of years in various towns in Connecticut, coming back to Middletown to teach and remaining there until 1882, when he was elected a teacher in the public schools of Newport. He was retired in 1910, and had since lived very quietly in this city.

Mr. Chase was a member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, and a regular attendant as long as his health permitted. He is survived by a daughter, his wife having died some years ago.

MRS. STEPHEN B. LUCE

Mrs. Stephen B. Luce, widow of the distinguished Rear Admiral Luce, died at her home on Francis street last Saturday morning after being in failing health for a long time. Death was due to diseases incident to old age.

Mrs. Luce was a daughter of the late Commodore John Dandridge Henley, and was a member of a family that had long played a prominent part in the activities of the Navy. She had lived in Newport for some thirty-five years, and had a wide circle of friends here. She was a member of Trinity Church and was deeply interested in the work of the church. She was also devoted to the interests of the families of naval men, and had been of much assistance to those in distress. She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Montgomery M. Macomb and Mrs. Boutelle Noyes.

The Feast of Lights will be observed by Jewish residents of Newport next Sunday. The festival lasts for eight days.

The Mercury Almanac will not be ready for delivery on January first, but as soon thereafter as possible.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Election of Officers at the Aquidneck Grange

At the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange, which was held recently at the town hall, the Worthy Master Russell M. Peckham presided. In the absence of the Chaplain, Mr. Robert Purcell substituted in that office. Six new members were elected to await initiation. The annual election of officers was held with Mrs. John Nicholson and Mr. LeRoy W. Peckham acting as tellers. The results were as follows:

Master—Russell M. Peckham.

Overseer—Stephen P. Barker.

Lecturer—Mrs. Joseph F. Murphy.

Steward—Lawrence S. Peckham.

Assistant Steward—Gordon D. Oxx.

Chaplain—Robert L. Purcell.

Secretary—Miss Mary E. Manchester.

Treasurer—Daniel A. Peckham.

Gate Keeper—Stuart Purcell.

Ceres—Mrs. Lawrence S. Peckham.

Pomona—Miss Doris I. Frye.

Flora—Miss Elsie L. Peckham.

Lady Assistant Steward—Miss Dorothy C. Peckham.

With the exception of the Lecturer and Chaplain, this is the same line of officers as last year. The Lecturer, Mr. Lloyd Peckham, resigned as his work keeps him out of town a great deal, and the Chaplain, Mrs. Edward J. Peckham, had also resigned.

Mrs. John Nicholson was re-elected a member of the Executive committee for three years.

The high priest of Demeter, Mr. Charles M. Gardner will be present on January 1 to install the officers.

At the close of the business meeting refreshments, consisting of frankfurts, rolls and coffee were served by the feast committee, Mrs. Lewis R. Manchester, Miss Bertha M. Johnson and Mrs. Julian N. Johnson, assisted by Misses Dorothy A. Peckham and Edith Jergens and Messrs. Robert Chase, Robert E. Grinnell and LeRoy Peckham.

Rev. Marcus L. Johnson died recently at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Robert W. Kerr, on the West Main Road. The funeral was private.

The employes of the Newport & Providence Railway Company were given turkeys for Christmas in recognition of their faithful service.

Mr. Thornton Sherman has been spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman. Mr. Sherman is a student at Harvard College.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham have had as guest their son, Mr. J. Wallace Peckham, who is employed at the General Electric Company plant in Schenectady, N. Y.

An automobile accident occurred early Wednesday morning in front of the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman. It was a seven-passenger Hudson and was said to contain two men and three women, who went to Mr. Sherman's house, where they waited for another machine to come to take them back to Newport. The number plates were gone from the machine and it looked as if they had been removed, but the driver said that they were hit and ripped off. Constable Bloomfield learned that the car was the property of Mrs. Herbert on Friendship steet and was in a pretty bad condition.

Another accident occurred recently near Valley Road and a Hupmobile Sedan was overturned and completely wrecked.

The annual Christmas tree of the Berkeley Sunday School was held in the parish house on Tuesday evening. Christmas hymns were sung and Rev. Mr. Fair read the Christmas Story from the Bible. Mr. John Rugen of Newport entertained with a sleight-of-hand performance. Mr. J. Everett Kline acted as Santa Claus and distributed gifts from the tree and bonbons. Each child was given a cornucopia of candy. Rev. and Mrs. Fair were given a sum of money in a large box and many other gifts.

Ice cream and cake were served by a committee consisting of Mrs. Robert Patterson and her daughters, Mrs. Daniel A. Peckham, Mrs. Henry C. Sherman and others. Dancing followed, Miss Hope Peckham playing.

There was a public inspection of Berkeley School on Thursday evening of the new addition. Addresses were given by Mr. Joel Peckham, Superintendent of Schools, Rev. Stanley Muirhead, Rev. James H. S. Fair, and Mr. Fred P. Webber of the School Committee, and Mr. Henry C. Sherman, president of the town council. It was well attended.

The Sunday Schools of St. Mary's and Holy Cross churches held a joint Christmas tree and entertainment at the Holy Cross Guild House on Wednesday afternoon. The program was the usual Christmas hymns, with speaking and gifts and candy for each child.

Miss Lois Cory of Washington, D. C., has been spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving A. Cory on Bliss Road.

Mr. Philip Caswell, Jr., of Deerfield Academy, Deerfied, Mass., has been guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Caswell.

Among those who entertained family parties for Christmas were Mr. and Mrs. George Irish, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Peckham, Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Peckham, Mr. and Mrs. Howard R. Peckham, Mr. and Mrs. William Coggeshall, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Simmons, and Mr. and Mrs. William Feeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Barlow and their children, Berkeley and Barbara, of Arlington, Mass., have retuned to their home after spending a few days with Mrs. Barlow's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin W. H. Peckham.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

St. Paul's Sunday School Christmas Tree and Pantomime

The St. Paul's Sunday School held its annual services on Christmas Eve in the church. The Junior choir sang carols. At the conclusion of this service, the party adjourned to the parish house where a concert and pantomime were given. Rev. Charles J. Harriman read the "Story of the Nativity." The first tableau was "The Angel and Mary." Mrs. Lillian Boone was Mary with Mrs. Lillian Hall as the Angel. A mixed quartette, Miss Louise Chase, Mrs. Arthur Sherman, Messrs. Morris Macomber and William P. Macomber, sang "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." The second tableau was "The Wise Men," with Mr. Russell Anthony as a shepherd, Mr. William Melle as Joseph and Messrs. Alfred Mussen, William Smith and Warren Anthony as Wise Men. Oriental costumes were worn. The Junior choir sang "Three Kings." The third tableau was "The Wise Men at the Birth of Jesus," and the choir sang "O Little Town of Bethlehem." The fourth was the wise men and shepherds bringing gold, frankincense and myrrh, while the choir sang "Holy Night, Silent Night." The fifth was "The Angel and the Virgin," while the choir sang "It came upon the Midnight Clear."

Mrs. Berton W. Storrs next read an original poem, the theme of which was Miss Hattie Anthony and her 37 years of faithful service. Every year for 37 consecutive years Miss Anthony has purchased, wrapped and marked the presents for the Christmas tree. The poem was a presentation speech, of $37 in gold. Miss Anthony responded briefly.

Mr. Gardner Clarke took the part of Santa Claus and entered through the window, spoke to the children and distributed gifts from the tree. Refreshments were served, consisting of sandwiches, cake and cocoa.

Little Bessie Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas, and little Priscilla Coggeshall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Coggeshall, are ill with whooping cough.

The Christmas tree of the Christian Church was held recently with a concert. The room was prettily decorated for the occasion. The concert was opened by singing by the school, followed by Scripture reading by the Superintendent, Mrs. Alonzo Borden, and a prayer by the Rev. A. S. Muirhead. Recitations and songs followed. Mr. Alonzo E. Borden acted as Santa Claus and distributed the presents from the tree. The closing song, "God be with you till we meet again," was sung and the company dismissed after a benediction by Rev. Mr. Muirhead.

The Christmas tree for the children of St. Anthony's Church was held last week at Fair Hall. Games were played and singing and dancing were enjoyed. A tree was stripped of its presents and refreshments were served.

The Methodist Episcopal Sunday School held its Christmas tree and concert on Christmas Eve. A service of song was given with singing by the various children and by the school, and recitations were given. Mr. Walter Lowden of the Middletown-Portsmouth orchestra, gave a trombone solo "Holy City," and Mr. Gustaff Husberg gave a violin solo. Mr. Husberg is also a member of the orchestra.

Mrs. Esther Bishop, who has been guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bishop, left on Wednesday evening for New York, where she has held a government position for several months.

A Community Christmas tree for the children of the Bristol Ferry neighborhood was held recently at the Social Studio under the direction of Mrs. John M. Eldredge. About 175 children were present, but it is understood that many were kept away by the storm. Gifts for each child were furnished by Mrs. Paul Fitzsimon of Newport and were distributed, as well as candy, apples and oranges. Refreshments were served, the ice cream being the gift of Dr. Seth DeBlois.

Mr. Karl Anthony, who has been having a fifteen days' vacation, has returned to his duties at the Newport Postoffice.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ashley entertained a large family party on Monday at their home on Bristol Ferry road. A large number of the Chase family were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fish of Watertown, Mass., have been guests of Mr. Fish's sister, Miss Isabelle L. Fish.

Mrs. Frank Greene is ill with diphtheria at her home on West Main Road. Mrs. Ralph H. Anthony is also suffering with the same disease.

Mrs. Lester Coggeshall has purchased a house in Newport near Thames street.

Miss Fanny T. Clarke is spending a few weeks in Woonsocket, as guest of her nephew, Mr. LeRoy Randall.

Mr. Louviee Sewall of Springfield has been guest of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. William Grinnell entertained the Lawton family at dinner on Monday. Among those present were Mrs. Letitia Lawton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Frank Anthony and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton of this town, and Mr. and Mrs. Abner P. Lawton of Providence, and Mr. and Mrs. George P. Lawton of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hathaway of New York have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hathaway.

Mrs. William H. Corey entertained a family party on Christmas Day.

The GIRL A HORSE AND A DOG

By

FRANCIS LYNDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, society idler, finds his share of the estate, valued at something like $40,000, lies in a "safe repository," latitude and longitude described, and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a piebald horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a joke, but after consideration sets out to find his legacy.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to Denver, the city nearest the meridian described in his grandfather's will, Stanford hears from a fellow traveler a story having to do with a flooded mine.

CHAPTER III.—Thinking things over, he begins to imagine there may be something in his grandfather's bequest worth while, his idea finally centering on the possibility of a mine, as a "safe repository." Recalling the narrative on the train, he ascertains that his fellow traveler was a mining engineer, Charles Bullerton. Bullerton refuses him information, but from other sources Broughton learns enough to make him proceed to Placerville, in the Red desert.

CHAPTER IV.—On the station platform at Atropia, just as the train pulls out, Stanford sees what appear to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angels. There he finds that Atropia was originally Placerville, his destination. Unable to secure a conveyance at once to take him to Placerville, Broughton seizes a construction car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Beasley, that he is slightly demented.

CHAPTER V.—Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked, and escapes on foot. In the darkness, he is overtaken by a girl on horseback, and THE dog. After he explains his presence, she invites him to her home, at the Old Cinnabar mine, to meet her father.

CHAPTER VI.—Broughton's hosts are Hiram Twombly, caretaker of the mine, and his daughter Jeanie. Seeing the girl, Stanford is satisfied he has located his property, but does not reveal his identity.

CHAPTER VII.—Next morning, with Hiram, he visits the mine. Hiram asks him to look over the machinery, and he does so, glad of an excuse to be near Jeanie, in whom he has become interested, and he engages in the first real work he has ever done.

CHAPTER VIII.—Broughton and Hiram get the pumps started, but are unable to make an impression on the water. Bullerton, apparently an old friend of the Twomblys, visits the mine. He offers to drain it in consideration of Broughton's giving him fifty-one per cent of the property. Stanford refuses. Then Bullerton offers to buy the mine outright for $50,000. It had cost Broughton's grandfather more than half a million. Stanford again refuses.

CHAPTER IX.—Jeanie cautions Broughton against selling the mine, under any circumstances, and, apparently in a spirit of mischief, allows him to kiss her. After a conversation with Daddy Hiram, Broughton decides he will stick to the property.

CHAPTER X.—Next day, during Stanford's temporary absence from the mine, an enemy, without doubt Bullerton, wrecks the pumping machinery. Broughton decides to have it out with him next day.

CHAPTER XI.—In the morning he finds Bullerton and Jeanie have disappeared, apparently eloped. He also discovers that his deed to the mine has been stolen, and as it has not been recorded, he has no proof of ownership. Mysterious actions of the dog cause Hiram and Broughton to take the trail in search of Jeanie.

CHAPTER XII.—They find Jeanie's pony, abandoned, but no trace of the girl. When they get back to the cabin, Bullerton is there, apparently awaiting their return.

CHAPTER XIII.—Believing Jeanie to have gone with Bullerton, the sight of the man is too much for Broughton, and he uses him roughly. Bullerton denies knowing the whereabouts of Jeanie. Broughton orders him off his property, and he departs vowing vengeance. Satisfied Bullerton means mischief, Broughton and Hiram fortify themselves in the mine shafthouse and prepare for a siege. Bullerton comes with a crowd of desperadoes and on their refusal to vacate, begins an attack.

CHAPTER XIV.—During the day and night the two successfully defend the shafthouse against attacks, including an attempt to drown them out.

CHAPTER XV.—Almost ready to give up, Broughton is heartened by Hiram's assertion that the sounds of the firing must have reached Atropia, and an investigating party will soon appear.

CHAPTER XVI

Burnt Matches.

Following the dog to the door, we could neither see nor hear anything going on outside, though Barney's sniffings under the door and his low growl warned us that something was afoot, either on the dump head or in the partly wrecked cabin beyond. While we were still peeping and peering, each at his auger-hole and each ready to take an offhand shot at anything that seemed suspicious, the silence of the mountain night was ripped and torn by the most hideous clamor imaginable, arising, apparently, in the cabin or perhaps from the groving of trees just behind it. The racket was deafening; comparable to nothing that I'd ever heard; a magnified orchestration, so to speak, of the pandemonium made by a crowd of country boys serenading a newly married pair with tin pans and such-like noise-making implements.

"What in the name o' Jonah!" stuttered Daddy Hiram. "Reckon them gosh-dummed pirateers 've gone plum' loony?"

"Wait," I qualified, and I had to shout to make myself heard. "There'll be more to follow. This is only the curtain-raiser."

But my guess appeared to be no good. For quite some little time we crouched, guns at the ready, prepared to repel the assault which we naturally supposed would be made under cover of the distracting racket. But there was no assault, though the meaningless clamor kept up without abatement.

By the time we were beginning to grow a trifle hardened to it the clamor stopped as abruptly as it had begun and the silence which succeeded was even more deafening than the noise had been. While I fancied I could see dim figures stealing down the road that led to the bench below, I heard Daddy say: "Now, what in the name o' Jehoiachim—"

He had turned away from his peep-hole and I could sense, rather than see, that he was rubbing his eyes. Then I realized that upon me, also, a sudden blindness had fallen; the interior of the shafthouse had become as dark as the inside of a pocket. The effect was so stupefying that it took both of us a minute or so to understand that some change as yet undefinable had been wrought either in us or in our surroundings during the noisy interlude.

"Great Jehu!" exclaimed the old man—though he was within arm's-reach I could make him out only as a dim shadow—"Great Jehu! I—I b'lieve I'm goin' blind, Stannie! I—I can't see nothin' a-tall!"

"Don't worry," I hastened to say; "I'm in the same boat. We've been looking too long and steadily through those auger-holes. It'll pass in a minute."

But it didn't pass and presently the voice of my old side partner came again out of the darkness.

"P'raps it's cloudin' up some," he suggested in a half-whisper. "I can't see no stars through them windows."

At this I looked toward the window openings, but the interior blackness had blotted them out completely. Almost instinctively I turned back to the door and put an eye to a loophole. One glance was enough. The trouble, whatever it might be, was with us and not with the sky. The stars were shining as brilliantly as ever.

"Don't move, Daddy," I cautioned, and then groped my way along the wall and climbed to the top of our earth-sack breastwork at a point which I guessed to be under the nearest of the two windows.

When I drew myself up and tried to thrust a hand through the opening the mysterious darkness was explained. The window embrasures were stopped up, both of them, on the outside by something that felt like a heavy canvas curtain, though how the curtain was held in place I could not determine. But it was firmly braced in some way. With all the purchase I could get—which wasn't much—I couldn't dislodge it or push it aside.

Making my way back to the door I told Daddy what I had found.

"Huh!" he said; "that old tarpaulin that was out yonder in the ore shed. How d'ye reckon they got it there, Stannie?"

"It's hoisted on a framework of some kind, and they did it while we were rubbering and trying to find out what all that noise was about."

We were not kept very long in doubt as to what the next enemy move was to be. With the cessation of the tom-tom clatter the collie had grown curiously restless. We couldn't see him, but we could hear him running from post to pillar, sniffing at the cracks and occasionally giving a whining growl. Presently he began to cough and sneeze; then he came racing back to us, flattening himself to hold his nose to the crack under the door and taking long breaths as if he were half stifled. I stooped to pat him and immediately imagined I was smelling burning sulphur matches.

"Get down here, Daddy, and smell this dog!" I whispered. "Is it old-fashioned matches, or what?"

One sniff was all that the old man needed.

"Gosh-to-gee-whiz—brimstone!" he choked; "them devils are smokin' us out! That's why they stopped up them window holes; so we couldn't get any air!"

There appeared to be little enough time for any defensive move. The asphyxiating gas was coming stronger every moment, and any search for its source seemed utterly hopeless. Yet we went at it, coughing and choking, and stumbling over everything in the darkness, as a matter of course.

After all it was Barney who (I honor him with the human pronoun because he certainly deserved it) it was Barney who showed us the devil's doorway. The red glow was now sending enough light through cracks and crevices and the bullet rippings overhead to make our inner darkness a degree or so less than Stygian. Missing the dog for a moment at our common breathing hole, we saw him circling a particular spot in the floor and snarling at it as if it were something alive.

At that we both remembered that the shafthouse floor was raised a foot or so from the rocky ledge on the down-mountain side, and that the space underneath was partly open. Daddy pointed to the circling dog.

"Barney's got it!" he panted. "They've run their chimney up under the floor!" Then: "Where in Sam Hill did you leave that ax?"

The ax was near at hand and I ran for it. Holding my breath I began to chop madly at the floor planking. By this time the air was so bad that it was impossible to breathe it, and after a few blows I had to drop the ax and run to the breathing gap. Daddy took his cue instantly, snatching up the ax as I flung it down and hacking away

Daddy Took His Cue Instantly.

as long as he could hold his breath. When he was forced to make a bolt for the life-saving hole in the door, I ran in again; thus got a couple of the floor planks loose and pried them out.

In the space beneath the open-cracked floor we found Bullerton's chimney end; an old discarded boiler flue, it seemed to be, leading up from the bench below. From unearthing the deadly thing to muzzling it with one of our wet blankets was the breathless work of only a minute or two; and with the gas-main thus shut off, the air in the shafthouse soon became bearable again, the hole we had chopped through the floor serving as a ventilator through which the cool, crisp night air came rushing in a revivifying blast.

Our first care, after a prolonged silence led us to believe that the raiders had withdrawn to study up some fresh scheme for getting rid of us, was to get a bar and pry our two doors open so that the breeze might blow through and air the place out a bit.

Closing and barring the doors after the sulphur stench had been reduced to a mere match-box odor, we established our night-watch, Daddy Hiram taking the first trick under a solemn promise to call me at the end of a couple of hours. This time he behaved better, rousing me a little before midnight. He reported everything quiet, and pointed to the sleeping dog as evidence that there were no intruders within smelling distance.

"Been that-away ever since you turned in," he said, meaning, as I took it, that the dog had been resting easy. "You can just keep an eye on Barney. If anything goes to stirrin', he'll know it afore you will."

Nothing did stir; and after Daddy had gone to wrap himself in his damp blankets, I had my work cut out for me keeping awake; in fact, I shouldn't want to swear that I was fully awake during all of the one hundred and twenty minutes that my sentry-go lasted. No matter about that. Bullerton didn't spring any more surprises on us during my watch; and when I turned the fortress over to Daddy at two o'clock I was able to pass the "all quiet" report back to him and go to the blankets with an easy conscience.

I had just dropped asleep, as it seemed to me—though in reality I had slept like a log for more than two hours—when Daddy Hiram came to shake me awake.

"Somethin' doin'," he announced quietly, and when I sat up I saw that the collie was moving uneasily from one door to the other, stopping now and then to stand motionless with his ears cocked and his head on one side.

"Barney hears something," I ventured; and a moment later Daddy broke in:

"Huh! It's plain enough for my old ears, now; it's a wagon comin' across the bench."

Now the presence of a wagon on our bench at this early hour in the morning might mean either one of two diametrically opposite things: Our deliverance; or the upcoming of reinforcements for the raiders. We were not left long in doubt. Shortly after the rack-rack of the wagon wheels stopped we heard footsteps, and the hair stiffened on Barney's back. Next we heard Bullerton's voice, just outside and apparently under our window openings.

"Broughton!" the voice called; "can you hear me?"

"So well that you'd better keep out of range!" I snapped back.

"All right—listen. You've got to get out, Broughton—that's flat. I haven't wanted to go to extremes. For perfectly obvious and commonplace reasons I don't want to have to kill you to get rid of you. But we are not going to gentle you any more. You've already hurt four of my men, and two of the four are crippled. The next time we hit you, it'll be for a finish."

"Yes," said I. "You brought the new club up in a wagon, didn't you?"

He ignored this.

"We could starve you out if we chose to take the time. I know pretty well what you've got to eat—or rather what you haven't got. It's your privilege to take your life in your own hands, Broughton; that's up to you. But how about the old man?"

"The old man's a-plenty good and able to speak for hisself!" yapped Daddy. "You do your durndest, Charley Bullerton!"

"All right, once more. You'll hear from us directly, now; and as I said before, we've quit gentling you. That's my last word."

For a time after this the silence, and the darkness, since it was the hour before dawn, were thick enough to be cut with an ax. But the dog was more restless than ever, and we knew that something we could neither see nor hear must be going on. After a while I asked the question that had been worrying me ever since I had heard the wagon wheels.

"What did they bring up in that wagon, Daddy—a Gatling?"

"The Lord only knows, Stannie—and he won't tell," was the old prospector's reply, made with no touch of irreverence; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before a thunderbolt struck the shafthouse.

CHAPTER XVII.

Tit for Tat.

That word "thunderbolt" is hardly a figure of speech. The thing that hit us couldn't be compared to anything milder than thunder and lightning. There was a flash, a rending, ripping roar as if the solid earth were splitting in two, and the air was filled with flying fragments and splinters. Air, I say, but the acrid, choking gas which filled the shafthouse could scarcely be called air.

"Dynamite—that's what they fetched in that wagon!" gurgled the old man at my side, and I could have shouted for joy at the mere sound of his voice, since it was an assurance that he hadn't been killed outright.

"It's only a question of a little time, now, Daddy," I prophesied. "What you said yesterday—that Bullerton would try to get possession without destroying the property—no longer holds good. He has evidently decided that we've got to be ousted, even at the expense of building a new shafthouse and installing new machinery. Why has he changed his mind, when he knows that he could starve us out in a few days?"

"I been thinkin' about that, right p'lately, Stannie. Shouldn't wonder if somethin's in the wind—somethin' we don't know about."

"Then there's another thing," I put in. "Supposing, just for the sake of argument, that our first guess was right; that he did take Jeanie to Angels three days ago and that they were married there. You know your daughter, Daddy, and I know her, a little. Nobody but an idiot would suppose that she'd live with Bullerton as his wife for a single minute if he makes himself your murderer."

"It sure does look that-away to a man up a tree," admitted the stout old fighter.

"I'm hanging on to the little hope like a dog to a root, Daddy," I confessed. "If I can only keep on believing that they're not married, I can put up a better fight, or be snuffed out—if I have to be—with a good few less heart-burnings."

But at this the old man, who, no longer ago than the yesterday, had seemed to lean definitely toward the no-marriage hypothesis, suddenly changed front.

"Don't you go to bankin' on anything like that, Stannie, son," he said in a tone of deep discouragement. "Charley Bullerton's a liar, from the place where they make liars for a livin', and 'tain't goin' to be no trick a-tall for him to make Jeanie, and a lot o' other folks, b'lieve that we blowed ourselves up with our own dynamite. No, sir; don't you go to bankin' on that."

"Then you do believe that Jeanie went with Bullerton?"

"Looks like there ain't nothing else left to believe," he asserted dolefully. "Look at it for yourself, son: she's been gone three whole days. If she hadn't gone with him—and the good Lord only knows where else she could have gone—don't you reckon she'd 've been back here long afore this? No, Stannie; we been leltin' the 'wish it was' run away with the 'had to be.' I reckon we just got to grit our teeth, son, and tough it out the best we can."

During this waiting interval, which seemed like hours and was probably only a few minutes, we were momentarily expecting another crash. It did not come; but in due course of time we heard a stir outside and then voices, and one of the voices, which was not Bullerton's said: "I'll bet that ca'tridge smoked 'em out good an' plenty, cap'n. Gimme th' ax, Tom, till we bu'st open the door an' have a squint at 'em."

Just at that moment a submerging wave of depression surged over me and shoved me down so deep that I think possibly if Bullerton had called out and demanded our surrender I should have been tempted to tell him that I was not so much of a hog as not to know when I had enough. But the old man squeezed in beside me under the arched boiler plate was made of better fiber; he was game to the last hair in his beard. With a wild-Indian yell he hunched his Winchester into position and fired once, twice, thrice, at the door, as rapidly as he could pump the reloading lever.

A spattering fusillade was the reply to this, but the aim was bad and the only result was to set the air of our prison fortress to buzzing as if a swarm of angry bees had been turned loose on us. After this, the raiders withdrew, so we judged; at all events, the silence of the dark hour before daybreak shut down upon us again, and once more we had space in which to "gather our minds," as Daddy put it.

It may be a dastardly confession of weakness to admit it, but I am free to say that the prolonged struggle was gradually undermining my nerve. If Bullerton had made up his mind to write off the loss of the mine buildings and machinery, it was a battle lost for us. It could be only a question of a little time, and enough daylight to enable the bombers to throw straight, until we should be buried in the wreck of the shafthouse and hoist—and without the privilege of dying in a good, old-fashioned, stand-up fight.

All of this I hastily pointed out to Daddy Hiram, adding that, for Jeanie's sake, if for no better reason, he ought to take his chance of staying upon earth. As long as I live I shall always have a high respect for the wrath of a mild-mannered man. The old prospector was fairly Berserk, mad, foaming at the mouth, and short of dragging him out by main strength there was no way of making him let go.

"No, sir; I done promised your gran'paw 'at I'd stand by for him, and he paid me money for doin' it. When them hellions get this here mine, they're goin' to dig a hole somewheres and bury me afterward," was all I could get out of him.

We were not given very much more time for discussion, or for anything else. The first faint graying dawn was coming, and with the partial lightening of the inner gloom, we craned our necks—like a double-headed turtle peering out of its shell—and got a glimpse of the damage done by the initial thunderbolt. We saw it without any trouble: a great hole torn in the sheetiron roof directly over the hoist and shaft mouth. Knowing the use and effect of explosives pretty well, Daddy said that the bomb had gone off prematurely; had exploded before it had fairly lighted upon the roof.

"If it hadn't—if it had been layin' on the roof when it went off—we wouldn't be lookin' up at that hole right now, Stannie, my son. We'd be moggin' up the golden stair and a-wonderin' how much farther it was to the New Jerusalem, and what kind o' harps they was goin' to give us when we got there. We sure would."

We didn't keep our heads out very long. While we were staring up at the hole and at the patch of sky beyond it, a small dark object with a smoke-blue comet's tail trailing behind it crossed our line of sight, and we ducked and held our breath—or at least, I held mine. The crash came almost immediately, and it was followed in swift succession by a second and a third. Luckily, none of the three hit the shaft-house, nor, indeed, fell very near to it; and this uncertainty of aim told us where the attack was coming from. The bomb throwers were posted somewhere on the steep slope of the mountain above us; the slope which I have described as running up from the brink of the abrupt cliff overlooking the mine plant.

"They'll get the range, after a while," Daddy grunted. "And when they do, I reckon it'll be good-by, fair world, for a couple of us and one mighty good dog. I'm a-tellin' you, Stannie, son, the shot that comes down through that hole fixes us a-plenty. Sufferin' Methusaleh! what-all is the folks down yonder at 'Tropia a-dreamin' about, to let all this hangin' and whangin' go on up here without comin' up to find out what's makin' it?"

The Crash Came Almost Immediately.

The Atropia that I remembered was so nearly moribund that I didn't wonder it wasn't making any stir in our behalf; so, when a few pattering rifle shots which seemed to originate on the great bench below began to sift in among the bomb echoes, I took it that Bullerton had divided his force and was trying to rattle us two ways at once. As for that, however, the bigger bombardment kept us from speculating very curiously upon anything else. Two more of the giant crackers had fallen to the right of us, one of them into the wreck of the blacksmith shop, to send up a spouting volcano of scrap which fell a second or so later in a thunderous rain; and then. . . .

For a flitting instant it seemed as if it must drop squarely in front of the iron shield under which we were jammed—in which case even the undertaker wouldn't have been needed—not any whatsoever, as Daddy Hiram would have said. But at the critical point in its flight the hurtling thing "ticked" the top of the hoist frame and its downward course was deflected the needed hair's-breadth, causing it to come down beyond the machinery, and not on our side of things. Nevertheless, we were cowering in anticipation of a blast which would most likely heave the entire machinery aggregation over bodily upon us when the explosion came.

We saw the belching column of flame and gas going skyward beyond the machinery barrier, taking a full half of the roof with it, as if the blast had come from the mouth of a gigantic cannon. We were dazed and deafened by the shock, and half choked by the fumes, but neither of us was so far gone as not to hear distinctly a prolonged and rumbling crash like the thunder of a small Niagara, coming after the smash!

"The shaft!" shrilled Daddy Hiram, in a thin, choked voice; "it went off down in the shaft! And, say!—what-all's that we're a-listenin' to now?"

If there had been a dozen of the bombs raining down I don't believe the threat of them would have kept us from bursting out of our dodge-hole to go and see what had happened in the mine shaft. But before we could determine anything more than that the mouth of the shaft was completely hidden under a mass of wreckage, and that the mysterious Niagara roar, dwindled somewhat, but yet hollowly audible, was still going on under the concealing mass of broken timbers and sheet-iron, there was a masterful interruption. Shots, yells, shoutings and hot curses told us that a fierce battle of some kind was staging itself just outside of our wrecked fortress; whereupon Daddy Hiram began pawing his way to the door, yelling like a man suddenly gone daffy.

"That there's old Ike Beasley—dod-blame his old hide!" he chittered. "There ain't nary 'nother man in the Tinnanyonis 'at can cuss like that. He's come with a posse, and they're layin' out Charley Bullerton's crowd!"

There was a fine little fracas spreading itself out for us when we had clambered over the wreckage and had withdrawn the wooden bar and flung the door wide. Daddy Hiram had called the turn and named the trump. The large, desperadoish-looking man who had once interviewed me at Angels, and a little later had paused in his combing of the mountains in search of me to usurp my place at the Twomblys' breakfast table, this bewhiskered giant, with a goodish bunch of followers—hard-boiled to a man, they looked to be—had surrounded a fair half of the would-be "jumpers" and were handcuffing them with a celerity that was truly admirable. And Beasley, himself, square-jawed and peremptory, was shoving Bullerton up against the side of the shaft-house, snapping the irons upon his wrists and counseling him, with choice epithets intermingled, to save up his troubles and tell them to the judge.

As we emerged from our wrecked fortress, other members of the posse were scattering to round up the outlying bomb-throwers, who had apparently taken to the tall timber in a panic-stricken effort to escape. Down on the bench below there were horses and horse-holders; and among the horses one whose boyish-looking rider was just slipping from the saddle. While I was wondering vaguely why the Angels town marshal had let a mere boy come along on such a battle errand, the boyish figure ran up the road and darted in among us to fling itself into Daddy Hiram's arms, gurgling and half crying and begging to be told if he was hurt.

I didn't know at the time how much or how little the big marshal knew of the various and muddled involvements which were climaxing right there in the early morning sunshine on the old Cinnabar dump head; but I do know that he quickly turned his captures over to some of his deputies and had them promptly hustled down stage and off scene. While this was going on I was merely waiting for my cue, and I got it, or thought I got it when the boy who wasn't a boy slipped from Daddy's arms and faced me.

"I'm not hurt, either," I ventured to say, hoping that the brain storm had subsided sufficiently to make me visible. "Welcome home, Miss Twombly—or should I say Mrs. Bullerton?"

The look she gave me was just plain deadly; you wouldn't think that violet-blue eyes could do it, but they can. Then she drew a folded paper from somewhere inside of her clothes and held it out to me.

"There is the deed to your mine, Mr. Broughton," she said nippingly, and with a fairly tragical emphasis on the courtesy title. "You wouldn't take the trouble to go to Copah and get it recorded, so I thought I'd better do it. I hope you'll pardon me for being so forward and meddlesome."

It was the super-climax of the entire Arabian-Nights business, and because my feelings would no longer be denied their rightful fling, I sat down on the shaft-house doorstep and shouted and laughed like a fool. But after all, it was Mr. Isaac Beasley, deputy sheriff and marshal of Angels, who put the weather-vane, so to speak, upon the fantastic structure.

"I been lookin' 'round for you a right smart while," he told me gruffly. "When you get plum' over your laugh and feel that you're needin' a little sashay over the hills f'r exercise, you can come along with me and go to jail f'r steal'n' that railroad car."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Hold-Up.

Beasley left me sitting on the doorstep—I've a notion he had run out of handcuffs, else he might have clapped a pair of them on me—while he started his posse down to Atropia with the captured raiders and their leader. When he came back we took time, Daddy and I and the big marshal, to size up the damage that had been wrought, and beyond that, to dig into

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THE GIRL, A HORSE, A DOG

the mystery of the continuous grumbling roar which was still ascending out of the wreck-covered mine shaft.

Beasley stayed with us, waiting, as I took it, to get his breakfast before he ran me off to jail, and the three of us fell to work clearing away the fallen timbers and roofing iron, Daddy Hiram leading the attack and being the first to stick his head through what remained of the tangle and hang it over the edge of the shaft's mouth.

"Hooray!" he yelled, his voice sounding as if it came from the inside of a barrel; and then again, "Hooray, Stannie, son!—by the ghosts of old Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, Charley Bullerton's done gone and done eggs-zac'ly what he said he could do—dreened your mine for yel Climb in here and take a look at her. She's empty—empty as a gourd—but, at that, she ain't goin' to be, very long!"

A few more minutes of the strenuous toil cleared the pit mouth so that we could all see. The bomb which had exploded in the shaft had wrought a complete transformation. The standing flood, which all of our pumping attacks had failed to lower by so much as a fraction of an inch, was gone, and with it had vanished the two big centrifugals, the platform upon which they had stood, and their pipe connections. Gone, likewise, was the greater part of the heavy wooden shaft-lining. A little of this remained in the upper part of the shaft, but from a point possibly twenty-five feet down, there was nothing but the bare rock sides of the square pit swept by the receding flood.

As for the hollow roaring noise which had followed the crash of the explosion, and which still continued, there was a good and sufficient reason plainly visible from the pit's mouth. Some twenty feet down, and on the eastern side of the shaft, a stream of water big enough to run a good-sized hydro-electric plant was pouring into the perpendicular cavern, and it was its plunging descent into the bowels of the earth which was making the minie thunder.

Beasley was the first to find speech.

"Where the blazes is all that water comin' from?" he exploded.

"That's just what we're going to find out!" I barked. "Can you and Daddy handle my weight in a rope sling?"

They both protested that they could handle two of me if necessary, and a sling was quickly rigged and I was lowered into the pit. At the nearer view thus obtained, some of the mysteries were instantly made clear. The reason why the wooden boxing disappeared below a certain point in the shaft was that it had never extended any farther down. It had been merely a box with a bottom!—and all those pipe-dream impressions which had tried to register themselves on the day when I had my struggle with the suction-pipe octopus were instantly translated into facts. I could have sworn, then, that there was a bottom in the box, and there was a bottom. And that other impression—that I had encountered an inrushing stream of ice-cold water in the chilling depths; here was the stream; a foot-thick, never-failing cataract, pouring in through a perfectly good and substantial conduit of twelve-inch iron pipe!

In a flash the whole criminal mystery involving the ostensibly flooded mine was illuminated for me. "Haul away!" I called to the two above; and when they had drawn me up to the pit's mouth and I could get upon my feet, I yipped at Daddy and the marshal to come on, and led them in an out-door race along the mine ledge to the eastward; a hundred-yards dash which brought us to the banks of the swift little mountain torrent in the right-hand gulch.

A brief search revealed precisely what I was expecting to find; what anyone in possession of the facts precedent would have expected to find. In the middle of a small pool slightly upstream from the path level—a pocketed bit of water neatly screened and half hidden by a growth of low-branching spruces—we saw a cone-shaped whirlpool swirl into which a good third of the stream flow was vanishing. Below this pool an apparently accidental heaping of rocks formed a small dam which kept the little reservoir full.

Without a word, Daddy Hiram and the Angelic marshal plunged recklessly into the stream and with their bare hands tore away the loose rock dam. With the removal of the slight barrier and the consequent clearing of the course of the stream, the pocket reservoir immediately sucked dry, the inlet of the cataracting pipe was exposed, and the secret of the flooded Cinnabar was a secret no longer.

The scheme which had been elaborated and set in motion to "soak" Grandfather Jasper was a premeditated "holdup." The Cinnabar, in operation and producing to its capacity, was worth, so Beasley asserted, all that my grandfather had paid for it, and more. But with the branch railroad built to its very door, its value would be doubled. Two alternatives had thus presented themselves to the owners, who were Cripple Creek mining speculators who had bought in the stock at a low figure while the main vein was as yet unexploited: they could go on mining the ore and storing it against the time when the railroad, with its cost-reducing advantages, should come along; or they could suspend operations for the same length of time, setting the losses of a shut-down over against the increased profits when they should start up again.

With our discoveries of the morning the plan of the robbery became perfectly plain. Some giant of finance among the speculators had evolved a scheme by which the mine not only might be shut down during the interval of waiting for the railroad to build over the bench, but at the same time be made to yield a bumper crop of profits.

Taking its various steps in their order, the first move in the game was to sell the mine to Grandfather Jasper while it was still a going proposition; and this was done. But one of the conditions of the sale (Beasley told us this) was that the selling corporation should continue to operate the mine, not as a lessee, but under a contract by which the operating company should receive a certain percentage of the output; an arrangement which gave the holdup artists ample opportunity to prepare for the coup de main.

How these preparations were made, and the secret of them kept from leaking out, still remained one of the unsolved mysteries, though Beasley suggested that probably imported workmen were employed, and that the work had been done under jealous supervision with all the needful precautions taken against publicity. The light wooden box—which would figure as a part of the shaft lining—had been built, and into the box the creek had been diverted by means of the small dam and the underground conduit. With the water admitted, to rise in the box to the level of its intake in the creek reservoir, the trap was set and was ready to be sprung.

Beyond this point there was a gap we were obliged to bridge by conjecture, but the inferences were all plausible enough. Doubtless the plotters had notified my grandfather that his mine was flooded and was no longer workable. Doubtless, again, he had authorized them to buy the needful pumping machinery and to install it—which they did.

In this barefaced imposture the plotters had conceivably builded something upon Grandfather Jasper's advanced age as an insurance against any too-searching investigation; but beyond this they had carefully disarmed any suspicion that he might otherwise have harbored by encouraging him—in the actual purchase of the property—to take expert advice, and by craftily priming him, by understatements of the facts, to trust them.

Only rumors of what had occurred at this visit reached Angels; but Beasley could testify that my grandfather had come and returned alone, and that after the pumping demonstration had been made he had seemed disposed to pocket his huge loss and to call it a bad day's work.

The later developments were not hard to figure out. Beasley was able to tell us that the proposed railroad branch to run to the new copper properties in Little Cinnabar gulch was now a certainty for the very near future. Hence the time was fully ripe for the recovery of the Cinnabar by the plotters. No doubt they had confidently assumed that a repurchase of the property—not directly by themselves, of course, but by an agent who would figure as a disinterested third party—would be easy. Beasley said that there had been some talk of an underrunning drainage tunnel, such as Daddy and I had figured upon—this at the time of the springing of the flood trap—and that the cost had been estimated at half a million. Unquestionably the robbers had assumed that an old man who had already charged his venture up to profit and loss would sell for a song rather than to venture again; and in this they were probably well within the truth.

But at the moment when they were ready to complete the circle of imposture, death—the death of Grandfather Jasper—had stepped in to complicate matters. Somebody—possibly Cousin Percy—had corresponded with whoever was representing the robber syndicate; and by this means the plotters had learned that they would now have to reckon with an heir. How Bullerton came to be employed by them almost at the instant of his return from South America we did not know; but we could easily understand that with the new complication which had risen by reason of Grandfather Jasper's death, it was highly necessary for some emissary of the syndicate to get on the ground quickly, prepared to forestall by purchase, guile, or, in the last resort by force, any attempt of the Dudley heirs to pry into things they were not to be permitted to know.

The pushing of the fight for possession to the final and property-destroying extremity was another matter that Beasley was able to explain.

"Ye see, it was a case o' fish 'r cut-bait, and do it quick," the marshal explained. "If he could run you folks out, pronto, and get possession afore anybody come along to ask a lot o' p'inted questions, he stood about one chance in a dozen to lie out of it some way. If you-all got killed in the scrimmage, he'd scatter his men in the woods and try to make me b'lieve that you'd got done up trying to run him off."

"Would you have believed him?" I asked, grinning across the table at Beasley.

"It 'd a-been a question of veracity, as the court says; with maybe you and Hi Twombly too dead to testify."

At this, Daddy, who had been eating like a man half-starved, put in his word.

"I reckon you can't get at them galoots higher up, Stannie, but if you don't shove Charley Bullerton just about as far as the law 'll allow, I'm

I Was Looking at Jeanie When I Replied.

goin' to call ye a quitter."

At that moment Jeanie had just brought in another heaping plate of the luscious corn cakes, and I was looking at her when I replied.

"We'll see about the shoving a bit later, Daddy. The first thing to do is to put the old Cinnabar in shape to shell us out some money. I'm broke, you know."

When I made this admission, Beasley, the last man in the world from whom help could come, I should have said, looked me squarely in the eyes.

"Stannie Broughton—if that's your name—you ain't so dad-blamed crazy as you look and act," he remarked. "Money's what talks. Are you aimin' to a'ving onto this thing with your own hands?—for keeps, I mean; not to sell it out to the first set o' minin' sharps that comes along?"

"Sure!—you said it; I'm going to keep it and work it—after I get out of the jail where you're going to land me for pinching that inspection car and getting it smashed. Why else did I start out blindfolded to hunt for a girl, a horse and a dog?"

He let the latter half of my reply go without comment; charging it up to some last lingering remains of the craziness, perhaps.

"Well, let's see about where you'd crack your whip first," he invited.

"That part of it is easy," I laughed. "What I don't know about the practical end of the mining job would load a wagon. I'll pitch out and hunt me up a real, for-sure miner, of course."

"Nothin' so awfully crazy about that," he granted. Then: "What's the matter with Hi Twombly, here, for your boss miner?"

"Not a thing in the wide world—except that he can't be because he is going to be my partner in the deal."

"Now you're talkin' a whole heap like a white man," said the desperadoish one. "Dog-goned if I don't b'lieve

"Now You're Talking Like a White Man."

you are white! What do you say to givin' me a whack at the bossin' job?"

I took just one little glance at Daddy, and the mild blue eyes said "yes."

"But you've got me under arrest, Mr. Beasley," I pointed out, just to see what he'd say. "You can't very well close a business deal with your prisoner, can you?"

"Kill two 'r three birds with the one rock," he mumbled, cramming the stroued half of his breakfast-finishing corn cake into his capacious mouth. "I'll chase you down to Angels and turn you over to the majesty o' the law—the same bein' by name old Squire Dubbin. Then I'll jump my job o' sortin' out the bad angels from amongst the good angels and go out and rustle your bail. Time old Bill Dubbin's chewin' over the law in sich cases made and pervided—like he's bound to do—I'll scrape up a bunch o' men and start 'em up hereaways to begin on the repairs. How does all that strike you?"

If my laugh was a bit grim there was a warrant for it.

"It strikes me fair in the empty pocket, my good friend," I told him. "Just at this present moment I couldn't finance one solitary, lonesome carpenter—to say nothing of a gang of them, with half a dozen steam-fitters and boilermakers thrown in."

"Huh! workin' capital, you mean? That's about the easiest thing this side o' Hades—with a mine like the old Cinnabar—with no more water in it than what can be pumped out—to back you. I reckon your title to the property's all right, ain't it?"

"It is; I have a deed from my grandfather." So much I said, but I didn't go on to explain how the quick wit of a girl who now hated me had saved that deed from being a mere scrap of waste paper. Not that I knew how she had done it—but the tangible fact was safely in my pocket.

Fifteen minutes after this breakfast table talk I was bidding a temporary good-by to the wreck on the Cinnabar ledge, and was about to take the road to Atropia with Beasley; both of us intent upon catching a way-freight to Angels. Daddy had lent me the piebald pony for the ride to the railroad station—this either with or without Jeanie's consent; I didn't know and forbore to ask—and the harlequin-faced dog was ready to trot at the pony's heels. But the blue-eyed maiden had shut herself up in her room, and I thought she wasn't going to come out and see me off.

At the final moment, however, after Beasley had already steered his nag across the dump head, and I was about to climb into my saddle, she came to the cabin door, and was both curiously embarrassed and a bit breathless.

"Please!—one minute!" she begged; and as I took my foot out of the stirrup: "Do you know what they have done with—with—"

"With Bullerton?" I helped out. "No, I don't know; but I suppose they've taken him on to the county seat at Copah with the others."

"Then—then—please let him go! If you refuse to prosecute—"

"Make yourself entirely easy," I broke in, a bit sourly, maybe. "I'll agree not to play the part of the dog in the manger."

"Thank you—so much!" she murmured; and then she backed away quickly and went in and on through to the kitchen, leaving me to follow Beasley, which I did, with the sour humor telling me that of all the puzzling, unaccountable things in a world of enigmas, a woman's vagaries were the least understandable. For, after all was said and done, and after all that had happened and been made to happen, it seemed to be palpably apparent that Jeanie Twombly was still in love with the jeet.

CHAPTER XIX.

Angels, Desert and Urban.

Our stop-over in Angels, Friend Beasley's and mine, was of the shortest. Our business with Father William Dubbin was the merest travesty upon a trial at law, and was speedily concluded.

Since there would be no passenger train until afternoon, Beasley and I resumed our places in the freight's caboose, and in due time were set down in Brewster, the breezy little metropolis of Timanyoni Park.

Here my captor—and friend—appeared to be very much at home. He took me to the best hotel, where he was greeted with affectionate camaraderie by a clerk who wore a diamond big enough to serve for a locomotive headlight, shook hands with, and introduced me to, a number of gentlemen in the lobby, and presently gave me orders to go up to our rooms and "take a wash," preparatory to meeting a certain friend of his at luncheon; the meeting contingent upon his being able to "round up" the friend in time for the feast.

It still wanted a half-hour of the appointed luncheon time when I descended to the lobby. A little before one o'clock Beasley came in with a middle-aged man who looked as if he might have been the retired manager of a Wild West show; not long-haired, or anything like that, but with the cool eye and bronzed, weather-beaten face of one who lived under house roofs only when circumstances forced him to. A moment later I was shaking hands with Mr. William Starbuck, mine owner, ranchman, a director in the Brewster N[illegible] bank, president of the Brewster Commercial club and the prime mover in a lot of other civic activities too numerous to mention.

I may pass lightly over the events of the three days following; days in which Mr. William Starbuck, who seemed to be known to all the old-timers in Brewster as "Billy," and to the younger generation as "Uncle Billy," labored untiringly in my behalf; procured me the necessary working credit at the Brewster National, helped me in the telegraphic ordering of new machinery, helped Beasley to rustle up a small army of mechanics to go ahead of us to the Cinnabar, and last, but not least, made my peace with the railroad company in the matter of the stolen and smashed inspection car; this being a thing which he was easily able to do because he was the brother-in-law, once removed, of the railroad company's vice president and general manager.

On our last day in Brewster, and as a parting favor, I asked Starbuck how I should proceed in regard to quashing the indictment against Bullerton, and when I did so, he gave me a shrewd look out of the cool gray eyes, with a gentle uplifting of the shaggy brows. "If you are determined to let Bullerton go, all you have to do is to do nothing. If you don't appear in Copah to prosecute him and his would-be mine jumpers, the case against them will be dismissed, as a matter of course. But really, you know, you ought to make an example of them."

"In the circumstances, I can't," I returned, so we let it go at that; and an hour later Beasley and I were on our way back to Atropia and Cinnabar mountain.

(To be continued)

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort.—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Appreciation.

The mayor of a Southern town had been asked to assist in the annual entertainment given at Christmas to the inmates of the local workhouse. He consented with great complaisance and went and made up as Father Christmas. For a time his antics and pranks were the delight of the company.

A damper on his enjoyment was, however, eventually brought forward by a scrap of conversation he chanced to overhear.

"Isn't he enjoying himself?" remarked one old man to another. "What a treat it is for the likes of him! But why can't they let all the loonies out on a night like this?"

"Well," replied the other, "mebbe they ain't all so harmless as this'n!" —Philadelphia Ledger.

Peaceful Scenes on Battlefield.

A marvelous change has come over the battlefields of Gallipoli. There are very few evidences of the great conflict which was waged there, and the landscape is dotted with herds and picturesque shepherds. Occasionally one will come across a pile of wire or other debris as a reminder of the presence of the armies. The land is to a great extent under tillage or being prepared for crops.

Weddings, No Bridegrooms.

Polynesia is probably the only place in the world where the marriage feast takes place without the presence of the bridegroom. For some unexplained reason the young man is "sent into the bush" when the bride becomes a member of his family, and he invariably remains there during the subsequent festivities. It is only when the guests have departed and the girl is left alone that messengers are dispatched for him.

Care of Palms.

Palms like plenty of air at their roots. On this account it is a good idea to stir the top soil in the pot with a little stick now and again. Wash the outside of the pot quite often to remove the dust accumulation which makes the receptacle less porous. [illegible] water in cold weather, but more in the summer, never, however, allowing the soil to remain in a sodden state.

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 6 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

WOULD PRESERVE OLD HOUSE

Plans Made for Restoring Structure, Said to Be the Oldest in the Northwest.

Plans are being laid by the Vancouver Historical society to preserve the old Covington house at Orchards, six miles from this little town. The house is said to be the oldest in the northwestern part of the United States. It is of logs and is in a ruinous condition, being used as a sheepfold. The historical society expects to restore it.

The cabin was built early in the last century by Richard Covington, an employee of the Hudson's Bay company, when Fort Vancouver was the capital of the fur company on the western side of the Rocky mountains. It was the first schoolhouse in the Northwest. Covington taught the children of fur company employees and settlers there. Mrs. Elizabeth Bird, eighty-five years of age, still living in Clarke county, Washington, was married in it in 1858 by Chaplain John McCarty, stationed at Fort Vancouver. This was a short time after U. S. Grant, after his return from the Mexican war, visited the fort.

When Fort Vancouver was owned by the Hudson's Bay company, the company was ruler of three-fourths of the North American continent. Its dominion extended from Labrador to the Pacific and from the Arctic ocean to the Spanish settlements in California. It moved its western headquarters to Fort Victoria on Vancouver island during the dispute between England and the United States over the Oregon boundary line. It surrendered its sovereignty to Canada in 1870.

EASY TO START "HARD TIMES"

Rumor Becomes an Endless Chain Once the Proper Impetus Has Been Given to It.

In Paris a portrait painter sat in his favorite cafe sipping his wine. His first small bottle finished, he was about to order more when his eye fell on a headline in the Figaro, "Hard Times Are Coming," so instead of ordering his usual second bottle he called for his check.

"Is there anything wrong with the wine?" asked the landlord.

"The wine is good, but I did not order a second bottle because hard times are coming and we must economize," explained the artist.

"Hard times," said the landlord. "Then my wife must not order the silk dress we planned, but must take one of cotton."

"Hard times," repeated the dressmaker when the order was canceled. "This is no time to expand. I must not make the improvements I had planned in the place."

"Hard times, eh?" said the builder when the dressmaker canceled the building plans. "Then I cannot have my wife's portrait painted."

So he wrote to the artist and canceled his order.

After receiving the letter the artist went again to his favorite cafe and ordered a small bottle of wine to soothe him. On a nearby chair was the paper in which he had read of hard times two days before. He picked it up to read more closely and found it was two years old!

Parachute Rescue Flyer.

Wireless and aeronautic science were recently employed in a very timely combination which saved the life of an air-service cadet flying from Mather field, California, over Crater National forest in Oregon, according to an article in Popular Mechanics Magazine. While in the neighborhood of Crater lake, the spark plugs ceased working in the engine of his plane, and landing was necessary. Choice in landing places was confined to either the rugged mountain peaks below or a small island of black lava in the middle of the lake. After some deliberation he chose the latter and made a landing in the huge cliff-rimmed cup. The plucky pilot then set his radio outfit in operation and after many hours of waiting, rescue planes arrived carrying the necessary spark plugs. Adverse air currents within the great "moon hole" prohibited the descent of the rescuers, and so the plugs were attached to parachutes and dropped. The lost pilot placed the plugs, started his engine and made a perilous take-off over the lake surface.

Sulphur Whale.

The sulphur whale that is found in the Pacific has a peculiar preference for deep water, and is called the bottom whale by many seagoing men. It is frequently more than 100 feet in length, and is regarded by many as the largest mammal that ever lived.

The Eustachian Tube.

The Eustachian tube gets its name from an Italian physician to whom Pope Pius IV granted permission to dissect human bodies in the furtherance of anatomical knowledge. Original manuscripts of his works have just come to light.

Do You Do It?

Certain human expressions, such as the baring of the teeth in rage and the bristling of the hair under the influence of extreme fear, have been put forward by scientists as proofs of man's descent from animals.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Established 1758

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Saturday, December 31, 1921

We wish our many thousands of readers, scattered throughout every State in the Union, and some in foreign countries, A Happy New Year.

The New Haven Road is going to lay off 6500 men from its various shops throughout New England. The practice of rigid economy is necessary in order to prevent our New England roads from bankruptcy.

The bonded indebtedness of the City of Newport is now $2,007,500. In 1920 it was $1,690,000. A few years ago it was zero. To the amount reported above $144,000 serial bonds to be issued this year, and $100,000 more School bonds. When is this thing going to stop?

Judge Clark of the United States Supreme Court wishes this country to cancel the war indebtedness of foreign countries to this country. This indebtedness is for money loaned by the United States to Gerat Britain, France, Italy and other European nations during the war. It amounts now to over eleven billion dollars. There would seem to be no good reason why the nations of Europe should not pay this debt.

The salary roll of the City of Newport, according to the report of the Committee of 25, amounts to $546,878.20. And this does not include many thousands of dollars for clerk hire, etc. Does anyone suppose for a moment that a private business corporation, doing the business of the City of Newport, would expend that amount in salaries? If it did, the Corporation would be in the hands of a receiver at an early date.

Debs, the great Socialist leader, who was sentenced to the Government Prison in Atlanta for ten years, for opposing the war, and for many incendiary speeches and actions, was released last week by President Harding. He immediately commenced his old tricks by delivering an incendiary speech in Washington before starting for the West. For this he was severely reprimanded by the Chief of Police in Washington.

The Committee of Twenty-Five struggled long and apparently hard to find some way of making a cut in the City's expenses. The only cut made, so far as our observation goes, is the cutting of the printing of the list of the City's taxpayers for 1922. A cut which will hardly be approved by the taxpayers generally. Everyone wishes to know in advance, not only what his tax is to be, but he has a personal interest in knowing how much his neighbor is to be taxed.

TWO MEN WHO WILL BE GREATLY MISSED

Col. Watterson and Admiral Davis

The death of Col. Henry Watterson of Louisville, Ky., last week, and the death of Admiral Davis this week, removed two most lovable men. They were great admirers of the late Commodore Perry, and were both members of the Perry Memorial Commission that has erected the beautiful monument to the memory of the Rhode Island Commander and the Rhode Island men who fought and won that celebrated victory on Lake Erie, September 10, 1813.

Admiral Davis was one of the Government members appointed by President Taft and Col. Watterson was appointed by Gov. Wilson of Kntucky. Both men attended all the meetings of the Commission and took an active part in all the proceedings. Col. Watterson wrote one of the best histories of the Battle of Lake Erie and the brave action of Commodore Perry that has ever been written. The Colonel was an officer in the Civil War on the Confederate side, but he went into the conflict with great reluctance. In his address before the committee of the National House of Representatives, asking for an appropriation of $250,000 for the monument to Commodore Perry at Put-in-Bay, among other things he said, "I was one of the many thousands of Southern men who loved the Union, and lamented the war; but when war had come to pass, fought on their side the line. Thus it was that in 1865, when all that I feared in 1861, had been actually realized, it did not require two minutes or three words to reconstruct me."

The Colonel was always an admirer of President Lincoln. Admiral Davis put in much good work for the Commission. Both men will be greatly missed.

CHILD POWER

The children of any community form a tremendous reserve of energy, that can be utilized. For instance, the Martinez, California, Chamber of Commerce recently made a large use of child enthusiasm, in a movement to clean up the town and get rid of fences. The city was divided into blocks, with three chairmen to each district, consisting of a man, a woman and a Boy Scout. The chairmen selected two captains for each district, one a boy and one a girl. Each of these block captains then organized a team of boys and girls to do the work.

Then the block captains distributed literature to everyone in their respective districts, uging them to trim shrubbery, burn the grass on vacant lots, clean up rubbish, tear down or whitewash old fences, etc. A motion picture theatre party was given to 800 children, the tickets being given only to those who had cleaned up their homes. This campaign showed how much can be done when the children are organized and set to work on civic projects.

A STUPENDOUS ACHIEVEMENT

Three or four months ago a lot of people were making much fun of the new administration that had gone into power on a pledge to reduce the cost of government. It was charged that they had been in office six months, and had done nothing to get taxes down. All this time Mr. Harding's bunch kept their mouths shut, but they were sawing wood every day.

The new budget, provided by the law passed by the present Congress, is now published. It almost takes the people's breath away. It seems too good to be true. Here is the amazing fact that where the actual expenditures of the government were $6,538,040,689 for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1921, they are estimated at but $3,505,754,727 for the year anding June 30, 1923. Here is a reduction of the enormous sum of $2,032,285,962 in two years.

Probably never before in a time of peace, have the expenses of a government been reduced so fast. It is not the case of saving money by bringing a war to an end. The war ended Nov. 11, 1918. The expenses should have been reduced at once, but instead the costly habits incurred during the war kept right on in large measure, and the expenses for the year ending last June 30 were far beyond reason.

The present administration has tackled its heroic task with superb business ability and determination. It has slashed red tape, turned a deaf ear to spoils seekers, and has told routine executives and loafing employes that they must get down to business, and operate with the same efficiency that is seen in private enterprises.

The results achieved would have seemed incredible and impossible last year. Now it only remains for Congress to make good and to back up the supremely able men who have been able to lay out the lines of this proposition. The removal of all these taxes must have a tremendous effect to liven up business, and give the American people new courage.

SUBMARINE WARFARE

France, Holland, and other of the lesser naval powers, strongly defend the use of submarines in warfare, on the ground that they are the weapon with which a weaker nation can defend itself, without having to build costly dreadnoughts at an expense of $40,000,000 apiece. But the world pays an awful price for the privilege of using submarines.

It is a mean and dirty form of warfare. It attacks women and children and old men, equally with the fighters. And besides that it prostrates the shipping industry. The peaceful merchant vessls on which the nations depend for commerce and food are indiscriminately sent to the bottom of the sea.

The submarine cannot always tell what kind of a ship it is attacking, nor what kind of freight and passengers its victims are carrying. Submarines ought to be outlawed, and weak nations should be protected by international agreement, rather than by using so mean a weapon.

SETTING IDLE MEN TO WORK

Among the communities that did especially fine service in starting public works to provide employment for idle men, was Gardner, Massachusetts. This city of 17,000 felt keenly last summer the distress of about 500 men who were without jobs. It was decided to be good policy to take up needed public works, and put them along and give these men a chance to earn something.

These unemployed men cleared and graded and built the foundation for a new town hall, they constucted a fine concrete road, they developed a ball park and a cemetery. Altogether the town laid out $300,000 and provided means of support for men who otherwise would have had to ask help of the town to keep going.

They have completed the needed improvements, which would have probably cost them more if they had waited, and they have given workingmen the impression that their home town cares for the welfare of its citizens.

There was a slight fire in the Oak Street bakery early Tuesday morning, causing the sounding of an alarm from box 21 on Equality Park. Chemicals were sufficient to extinguish the blaze and the recall sounded within a short time, the damage being slight.

Box 4 was rung in early Thursday evening for a slight fire in the basement of the Corson Cottage on Redwood street. The damage was slight.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bryant are spending a few days in Boston.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Dud Mitchell and Harold Mott, the timid butchers of Corn Neck, claim they owe their success last week in killing a hog to a bottle of Nervine.

The boys made two unsuccessful attacks upon the Porker and in each instance had to give up. Finally after a few doses of Nervine the butchers settled down to their murderous task and completed the job.

Last Monday afternoon the Coast Guards' power surf boat rescued the substitute mail steamer Gladys from the angry sea that surged off the bell buoy and towed the schooner, crew and U. S. mail into the Old Harbor.

Last Saturday night the Str. Island Belle picked up the U. S. mail boat Champion off Point Judith and towed her into Newport.

The Champion lay off the Point in distress and was frantically signalling for help with a burning torch when the steamer came upon her.

A little after noon time the same day the Island Belle on her way to Block Island came upon the disabled craft and then offered assistance, which was flatly refused. Finally Capt. Howard Millikin of the steamer offered to transfer the mail to the Island, but this too was refused. As a result Block Islanders went without their Christmas mail, which was not delivered until the following Monday.

New Year's Party Cancelled

The New Year's party, including the Market Whist and New Year's Ball, has been called off for Saturday night by the Athletic Association, that the members and young people might attend the Watch Meeting at the church. However, a Market Whist will be held on Monday night, January 2. This will mark the first time in a number of years that there has been no public celebration for the advent of the New Year by the young people of Block Island. All other cities and towns make New Year's Eve one of the big holiday features of the year and many of the young people, including those just home for the holidays, were looking forward with eagerness and joy for Saturday night's celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rutledge of Newport spent the Christmas and New Year's holidays with their relatives on Block Island.

Charles Smith threw a scare into the Corn Neck residents last Monday night when he tried out his new Willy's Electric Light Plant, illuminating his house and yard to such an extent that many came out in automobiles thinking the village was on fire. Dwight Dunn, the next door neighbor got up and dressed at 10 p. m. He said he thought he had overslept and that the sun was up.

Church Elections

The annual church elections were held last Monday evening at the Center Methodist Church. The results were as follows:

Clerk—Wilfred Mott.
Steward—Harry Jacobson.
Trustees—Harry Jacobson, John Haire, Henry Littlefield, Wilfred Mott and Ernest Mitchell.

The Sunday School election resulted as follows:

Superintendent—John Haire.
Assistant Superintendent—Mrs. Ella M. Lockwood.
Secretary—Miss Doris Mitchell.
Treasurer—Ernest Mitchell.
Librarian—Adlan Mitchell.
Teachers: Men's Class,—Thomas Ferguson.
Bible Class—Rev. Alice Haire.
Young Men's Class—Mrs. Belle Allen.
Young Women's Class—Mrs. Ella Lockwood.
Boys' Class—Miss Bessie Wescott.
Girls' Class—Mrs. Annie Mitchell.
Primary Class—Mrs. Lilly Littlefield.

Somewhere there is a dentist who practises his profession by parcels post, at least, that is the opinion formed by S. Montomery Rose, who received a brand new set of teeth on the Christmas tree at the West Side Church last Saturday night. Montgomery says they are a perfect fit but as yet he has failed to find the address of the dentist who mailed them. (Any clues will be treated confidentially). Gumery claims the teeth were not properly labelled, as, instead of being of the usual composition they proved to be rubber and when he adjusted them and shut his mouth it bounded open so wide that the back of his head came in contact with his heels.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie H. Dodge entertained Mr. and Mrs. F. Earle Lockwood at a Christmas dinner party at the Gables Sunday afternoon.

Word has been receivd by Rev. Horace A. Roberts and Mrs. Roberts that their son, Rev. Horace F. Roberts is seriously ill at his home in Texas. Mrs. Roberts left Block Island Wednesday afternoon for Texas, upon the receipt of the message.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dodge of Providence spent the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Dodge, at their home on Block Island.

Children's Christmas Concert

The following Christmas program was presented by the children at the Center Methodist Church last Sunday evening.

Opening Hymn	
Prayer	Rev. Alice Haire
Offering	
Hymn	
Recitation	Dorothy Littlfield
Recitation	Harris Perry
Song	Vera Littlefield
Recitation	Henry Totten
Dialogue	Silas Littlefield, Harry Allen
Hymn	Congregation
Recitation	Mary Banks
Recitation	Russell Champlin
Song—"Jesus Loves Me"	By Children
Recitation	Hannah Allen
Recitation	Vera Littlefield
Dialogue	Six Little Girls
Recitation	Alice Totten
Recitation	Katherine Champlin
Hymn	Congregation
Recitation	Clinton Grimes
Recitation	Hannah Allen
Recitation	Hannah Jaixen
Recitation	Julia Banks
Recitation	Beatrice Littlefield
Closing Hymn	Congregation

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Fi Fo Fum—One Step
Dancing Honeymoon—Fox Trot

A2879—$1.00
Just Another Kiss—W
Ah There—Fox Trot

A2883—$1.00
Mohammed—Fox Trot
Afghanistan—Fox trot

A2895—$1.00
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot

A2898—$1.00
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson
C-U-B-A—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE
NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar DECEMBER 1921

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High Water Mon'n	High Water Eve
31 Sat	7 14	4 23	7 03	8 45	9 12
1 Sun	7 14	4 14	8 00	9 32	10 01
2 Mon	7 14	4 15	8 57	10 15	10 47
3 Tues	7 14	4 25	9 51	11 01	11 35
4 Wed	7 14	4 26	10 51	11 49	
5 Thurs	7 14	4 27	11 49	0 25	12 40
6 Fri	7 14	4 28	m'rn	1 19	1 35

First quar. Dec. 7, 8.11 morning.
Full moon, Dec. 14, 9.52 evening.
Last quar. Dec. 21, 2.55 evening.
New moon, Dec. 29, 7.40 morning.

Deaths.

In this city, Dec 23d, Hamilton B. Tompkins, in his 79th year.

On December twenty-fourth in the ninety-fourth year of her age, Eliza Henley, widow of Rear Admiral S. B. Luce, U.S.N., and daughter of the late Commodore John Dandridge Henley and Eliza Denison.

In this city, 26th inst., Katheine Claver, sister of Mrs Arend Brandt and Herman B. Claver, in her 80th year.

In this city 27th inst., Alfred Wightman Chase, in his 87th year.

In this city, 27th inst., Jack Delguard.

In this city, 28th inst., Thomas Crayton Richards Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Richards, aged 20 years 6 months 11 days.

Suddenly, in Washington, Rear Admiral Charles Henry Davis U.S.N., retired.

In Limerick, Maine, 23d inst., Elizabeth H., wife of James C Robinson and daughter of the late Thomas and Abby Hudson.

In Portland Me., Mrs. Nellie C. Almy, aged 54 years.

In Attleboro, Mass., December 26, Elizabeth Yates Mills.

SOLDIER SLAYS 'GOOD SAMARITAN'

French Waiter Kills Fellow Employee in Most Atrocious Manner in Paris.

UNTRUE WIFE HELPS IN DEED

Declares Husband Did Not Love His Country, but Was Always Full of Praise for the Germans—Girl Sees Crime.

Paris.—"He did not love his country, but, on the contrary, was always full of praise for the Germans," was the only excuse Estelle Jobin could find when, together with her lover, Charles Burger, she was brought before examining magistrates on the charge of murdering her husband and helping to cut up the body, throwing parts of it into the river and burying the remainder in a park outside of Paris.

The husband, Ernest Jobin, was employed at the Grand hotel here as first floor waiter and had been for some ten years. Two years ago a vacancy having occurred on the same floor, Jobin introduced one of his friends, Charles Burger, to the management, and he was given a job. Burger having no home, Jobin offered to share his with Burger and his little girl, Madeleine, six.

Quarreled About War.

Burger was a widower, and intimate relations soon developed between him and Jobin's wife. Conversations in the household often drifted to the war. Burger had served as a private and was wounded. The two men would often come very near to an exchange of blows. Burger, furthermore, was envious of Jobin's position at the Grand hotel, where he was well liked by the management and patrons.

He had succeeded in saving up some 60,000 francs.

From then on Burger thought only of various ways of getting the money. Matters went so far that Burger, exasperated, picked up a knife from the table and stabbed Jobin to death. This happened in the presence of the latter's wife. Losing no time as to how they should get rid of the body, Burger suggested to Mrs. Jobin that they cut it up. Clearing the dining room table, they put Jobin's body on it and, while Burger went out after a saw, Mme. Jobin prepared sackings.

Girl Watches Hacking.

As soon as Burger returned they set to their ghastly task, witnessed only by little Madeleine, too horrified to say anything. That same night, at midnight, the three left their flat, each carrying a bundle, one containing the headless body of the victim, the others an arm each, and made for the nearest bridge, where the remains were thrown into the river. The next day they left for the Clamart Wood, bearing with them, in two separate sackings the head and legs of their victim.

A few weeks later the trunk was found some 12 miles out of Paris in the river, and the next day the arms appeared. It was not until 18 months after that the murderers were found and, with them, the head and legs, for they led the police authorities to the spot where the latter had been buried.

Burger, when asked about the crime, threw most of the blame on the woman.

BIG YEAR FOR AUTOMOBILES

The total poduction of gasoline propelled vehicles up to December 1 exceeded 1,500,000, and the total for the whole year will be close to the record and possibly exceed it. Signs like these indicate that the business depression has been considerably exaggerated. The country on the whole must be prosperous, to invest so great a sum of money in this means of transportation.

While the majority of these cars are used primarily for pleasue purposes, yet all these machines improve the equipment of the American people. They save time and permit business and civic work to be carried on in a much more economical way. They facilitate all kinds of public and private enterprises, besides providing millions of people with a form of outdoor life that builds up their physical condition.

The Humble Clothespin.

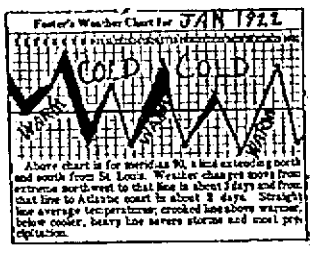
Every Monday morning thousands of pulley lines squeak and thousands of clothespins are jabbed into place. In spite of many new inventions, people the world over still use the primitive wooden clothespin designed years ago by a New Hampshire man. Twenty million feet of lumber are said to be needed each year to supply the clothespin manufacturers in the United States.

Mr. Benjamin F. Tanner has the contract to put an asbestos roof on the Goffe building at Thames street and Long wharf, which was recently damaged by fire.

Work on the Rogers High School continues steadily and it is quite possible that the building will be ready for occupancy by the beginning of the spring term.

The committee on city zoning had a meeting at the City Hall on Thursday evening, and will have a report ready for presentation to the Council before very long.

There were many family re-unions in Newport over the Christmas holidays.



RATS ATE REVENUE STAMPS

Important Internal Question Is Raised by Rodents in Iowa Distillery Warehouse.

Dubuque, Ia.—Rats have raised an important internal revenue question. Some $200 worth of stamps were pasted upon a large number of whisky barrels in Rhomberg's distillery warehouse.

The rats, having a taste for the paste, ate them all off slick and clean. The owner would not pay for any more stamps, the rats would not confess judgment and the whisky could not be sold without its patriotic insignia.

But that was back in 1869. When Lars Bladine, collector of internal revenue for the state of Iowa, raised the question to solve the general trend of thought on the part of those interrogated, it was not so much the question as to where the whisky could be located. He found the case in the internal revenue record.

Women Admit Men to Their Sewing Circle

Men of South Bridgton, Me., are glorying in a new achievement, for, by unanimous vote of the ladies' sewing circle of the South Bridgton Congregational church, they are to be eligible for membership, and thus the male problem of what to do these coming long winter evenings is apparently solved.

Additional impetus is expected to be given to knitting bees, and several husbands who are experts with the needle and thimble are preparing to initiate their less fortunate brothers into the mysteries of the circle rifles.

Retainer Progressed.

Description of an old retainer was given by Disraeli in the course of a conversation with Sir Philip Rose: "For the first five years Baum was with me I found him a most excellent servant; for the next five years he was a faithful and interesting friend; and for the last five years he has been a most indulgent master."

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

For Week Ending December 224, 1921.

(Prepared by U. S. Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates)

DAIRY & POULTRY PRODUCTS.

Buyers evidently decided that poultry was too high as trade held off and dealers had to cut prices sharply to stimulate any demand and clean up stocks. Turkeys started the week at 55-65c for Western birds, and this broke gradually until the close 49-53c was usual. Northern fancy were short and held fairly steady around 60c. Chickens dropped slightly, few really fancy roasters bringing 45c, average at 35c, fowl at 33-34c and undergrades at 30c. Market badly stuck on geese, closing sales off 10c to 20-21c, and duck at 25-30c. Egg market has gained a little, supplies not as heavy and a moderate holiday trade clearing stocks at 1-2c advance. Nearby firmer at 55-66, Western ranging 52-65c and storage higher at 38-41c. Importations of butter are starting again, and this scared most buyers so values slumped steadily until today. Fancy Fancy Northern goods are shortening up and firmer at 43-44c for tubs, 40-41c for prints and dairy has had a little call at 35c. Average Western has been short and trade mostly on storage goods at 38-41c. Nothing new in the cheese trade, prices holding steady with a fair demand at 23-24c for fine early cured goods and at 20-22c for fresh made.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

Active, pre-holiday trading in celery and lettuce, but potatoes, onions and cabbage dull. Maine No. 1 Baldwin Apples steady at $4.00-6.50 a bbl. For fair quality stock and $7.50-7.50 for best cold storage apples. New York State Danish cabbage steady at $3.25 a bbl. Native white celery higher at $2.00-2.50 a bushel box, and good Pascal celery much higher at $3.00-4.25 a box. Cape Cod cranberries steady at $13.00-23.00 a bbl. California Iceberg lettuce active and higher at $4.50-5.00 a crate, and native hothouse Lettuce at 75c-$1.25 a bushel box. Connecticut Valley onions dull at $3.50-3.60 per 100 lb. bag. Aroostook County Potatoes remaining steady at $1.45-1.55 per 100 lb. bag. Baltimore Spinach dull at $1.12½-1.25 a bushel basket. Dry Green Hubbard Squash selling slowly at $40-65 a ton. Southern sweet potatoes declined early in the week but later recovered at $1.75-1.90 a bushel hamper. The first Florida strawberries arrived Wednesday and sold at $2.00 a quart wholesale.

BRIGHTON LIVESTOCK AND BOSTON DRESSED MEAT MARKET

The market on cattle at Brighton was very dull this week on account of the depressed condition of the dressed beef market. Prices ruled generally 50-75 cents per 100 pounds lower than last week. Steers and oxen were sold from $4.50-6.50 per 100 pounds, beef cows from $3.00-5.00, and canner cows from $1.75-2.00. The veal calf market ruled strong to higher; mixed lots selling from $11.00-13.00 per 100 pounds. Hogs were steady to easier at $7.00-7.25 with light receipts. Sheep and lamb receipts were light, sheep selling from $4.00-5.00 and lambs from $10.00-11.00 per 100 pounds.

There has been a generally poor demand for dressed lamb, the market showing declines of $3.00-4.00 per 100 pounds since last Friday. Good and choice grades were selling today from $21.00-24.00 per 100 pounds. Light mutton has has been in fair demand, while heavy sheep were slow and prices ruled unevenly lower, with a range today of $8.00-13.00 per 100 pounds.

Fresh pork loins were draggy most of the week but strength of live hogs in the West caused the market to advance $1.50-2.00 over the low spot of the week. 8-10 average loins were selling today from $16.00-18.00 per 100 pounds, with 4-6 and 6-8 average pieces at $19.00-11.00.

Several members of the New England Milk Producers' Association conferring at the State House, Boston, with the county agents of the state department of agriculture, strongly advocated establishing section creameries where surplus milk could be converted into butter and other food products. At the meeting it was said that 30 per cent. of the milk produced in Massachusetts this season is not going into the cities for the use of the people there, because the supply larger than the demand.

One hundred and fifteen dollars is the amount of taxes the average person in Manchester must pay this year to the state and federal governments, H. F. Long, commissioner of corporations and taxation, said in a speech before the Association of Massachusetts Assessors, gathered in Springfield. "While it is clear that the taxes are too high," he said, "and that the per person demand of $47 on each of the 3,852,356 persons in the state for the annual cost of government in Massachusetts, coupled with the additional $68 per person for federal purposes, is excessive, it is instructive to know that during the same period there was on deposit daily an average per person in our savings institutions of $359.79, while for the same period the preceding year the amount per person on deposit daily was $345.60."

Mrs. Ida Anderson of Maynard, Mass., who, the police say, has been using her 7-year-old daughter as an accomplice, was found guilty of shoplifting when arrigned in the district court. Store detectives, who say they saw the woman taking articles valued at $19.20 from counters in a store, claim the little girl reached up on one of the counters, took a string of beads and placed them around her neck.

As a result of negotions conducted by Cortlandt Field Bishop of Lenox, Mass., and Kelton B. Miller, wealthy newspaper publisher of Pittsfield, Mass., the 10,000-acre game reservation on October mountain, owned by the heirs of William C. Whitney, is to be deeded over to the state before Jan. 1 for $60,000, of which the state is to pay $50,000. With this transaction Mrs. Richard T. Auchmuty of New York has promised to give the state 1000 acres of valuable forest on the west side of October mountain in Lenox, adjoining the Whitney property.

Intentional burning of an automobile was one step toward carrying out provisions of the will of Miss Mary J. E. Clapp, at the time of her death a few months ago, owner of the car, the spacious family mansion at Congress and Elm streets, Portland Me., and a great store of heirlooms and relics. The family coach, at least 100 years old, the bed in which her father died, a mahogany four-post contrivance of exquisite design, and other articles of furniture were similarly doomed according to provisions of the will.

Leon F. Higgins of Brewer, Me., president of the Maine State Senate in 1919-20, announces that he will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor in the primary next June. He is a native of Ellsworth, but has lived nearly all his life in Brewer and Bangor, engaged for the last 25 years in the insurance business.

HUGO STINNES

Leading Industrial Magnate of German Republic.

New portrait of Hugo Stinnes, industrial magnate of Germany, who has just made a mysterious visit to England. It is reported that he called on Premier Lloyd George, and also that he laid the foundation for an international trust to acquire the railways of Europe.

HENRY WATTERSON, GREAT EDITOR, DEAD

Veteran Journalist Unexpectedly Passes Away at Hotel in Jacksonville, Fla.

Jacksonville, Fla.—Col. Henry Watterson, one of America's foremost journalists, and for many years owner and publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal, died suddenly in the Seminole Hotel here, where he had been stopping for the last three weeks. He was in his eighty-second year.

His physician said death was caused by heart disease, superinduced by acute bronchial trouble, from which he became ill, just one day after he and Mrs. Watterson had celebrated the fifty-sixth anniversary of their wedding.

About thirty minutes before Marse Henry died he called Mrs. Watterson to his bedside and told her he knew the end was near.

Death came peacefully, the editor retaining his faculties until the end, able to recognize all members of his family who were in the room. With him then were his wife, his son, Henry Watterson, Jr., and his daughter, Mrs. William A. Miller.

Henry Watterson, Jr., said his father and the other members of the family came to Jacksonville three weeks ago directly from their home, Mansfield, in Jeffersontown, and that he had planned to spend the winter here. He seemed then to be in good health. Mr. Watterson said his father had greatly enjoyed the three weeks he spent here, and was in unusually high spirits during the celebration of his wedding anniversary. This was a quiet affair, with only immediate members of the Watterson family present.

A simple funeral service was held here and the body will be kept in a vault until spring, when it will be taken to Louisville for burial.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

PARIS.—The allied armies of occupation on the Rhineland number 118,000 officers and men.

CHICAGO.—Five airplanes of the government mail service were destroyed by fire at the United States government field at Maywood. The fire is believed to have been caused by crossed wires.

PHILADELPHIA. — Definite word that Premier Lloyd George of Great Britain will not visit the United States this winter was received by George R. Wynn, secretary of the committee in charge of arrangements for the Eisteddfod to be held here January 2.

PARIS.—Hoarded gold held by the Soviet government of Russia and taken from the old Russian Imperial treasury probably will be uncovered and expended on famine relief in the Volga Basin.

BOSTON. — Boston players recommended that fans of the Hub appeal to Ban Johnson, president of the American League, to force Harry Frazee out of the Boston Red Sox on account of the recent sale of stars.

LIMA.—Bolivian proposal suggesting that the United States act as mediator in the Peru-Chile-Bolivia dispute was turned down by Chile.

ENNIS, Ireland.—The Clare County Council, the constituency of Eamona de Valera, voted 17 to 5 in favor of the treaty between Ireland and Great Britain and requesting Mr. de Valera to use his influence for its passage.

BERLIN.—Many Germans who have received Christmas gifts from America have refused to accept them because of heavy import taxes.

SANTIAGO, Chile.—Blanca Errazuriz Vergara, who in 1917, near Westbury, N. Y., shot and killed her divorced husband, John L. De Saulles, was married here to Fernando Santa Cruz Wilson, a wealthy Chilean.

Announcement was made by President Guy W. Bailey of the University of Vermont that it would probably be necessary next year to limit the freshman enrolment to 300 students owing to the large number of applications. The present total enrolment exceeds 1000, about 80 per cent. being from Vermont.

CRISIS OVER SUBSEA BOATS

France, Japan, Italy and U. S. Advisory Committee Stand Against British.

AMERICAN LIMIT IS FIXED

Nippon Will Insist Upon 54,000 Tons Submarines—French Are Firm for 60,000 Tons, While U. S. Advisors Unanimous for 100,000.

Washington. — Announcement was made that at the request of the French delegation, the scheduled meeting of the conference committee on limitation of armament had been postponed.

France and Japan will go into the next meeting of the conference committee on limitation of armament, unswerved in their determined opposition to the Hughes proposal for limitation and reduction of the submarine fleets of the five big naval powers. Italy's refusal to accept, likewise, still stands until she formally is recorded a parity with France.

The French delegation received orders to hold their ground against any compromise until further instructions come from Paris.

The Japanese delegates are not expecting any word from Tokio for several days. Mr. Hanihara's statement that Japan will insist upon 54,000 tons as proposed in the original Hughes program made no reference to a submission of the question to the Rome government. It has been presented to Tokio incidentally in the routine nightly report of the day's events in the conference.

Even more important, from an American standpoint, than the French and Japanese opposition is the division of opinion now apparent between the American delegation and the official advisers appointed by President Harding. The advisory commission unanimously declared the United States must have a large submarine force for the protection of its interests.

In the face of this situation, the eve of resumption of sittings found the crisis in the affairs of the conference standing out even more sharply than the last meeting, when the first reaction to the Hughes plan was revealed. It was suggested by optimists in the American delegation that after due deliberation the powers then expressing opposition would "come around."

Now with the stand against the plan strengthened, forecasts of a complete failure to reach any agreement on submarines, and therefore, on other auxiliary craft, at this conference assume greater weight.

It is significant that experts make the claim that absolute agreement on all kinds of craft is necessary, lest the very purpose of the conference be destroyed by the opportunity for one side or the other to gain a distinct advantage.

Details of the message received by Albert Sarraut, chief of the French delegation, from Premier Briand were withheld, and likewise no comment was offered. It was understood, however, that M. Sarraut was advised that the entire question was being laid before the French cabinet.

Premier Briand's dispatch arrived and M. Sarraut and Admiral de Bon immediately went into conference. The prime minister had asked for further information on some feature of the Hughes plan, it was intimated, and the conference was for the purpose of drafting a reply.

The holiday air about the French headquarters gave way to hurry and bustle with the receipt of the message. Confidence born of approval and support from superiors was in evidence. All indications were that France will not alter her intention to insist upon 60,000 tons.

While the Japanese have flatly rejected the Hughes suggestion and are going to continue their fight for an adequate submarine force, they already have gained so much in the deliberations of the conference that they may be expected ultimately to yield to some extent if not all the way, rather than take any chance on having the conference fail altogether.

CHICAGO DIVORCES HEAVY

Eight Thousand Decrees in Year From Two Cook County Courts.

Chicago.—The year which draws to a close has seen the divorce courts of Cook county straining under the stress of an unusually heavy load. Approximately 8,000 Chicago homes have been legally divided with decrees handed down by chancellors of the Circuit and Superior Courts. Both tribunals where marital mix-ups are adjudicated have been working full speed throughout the year.

PARIS LIKES DAYLIGHT LAW

Economies From March 15 to October Total 100,000,000 Francs.

Paris. — Economies realized by the city of Paris through the daylight saving law, cited in an argument for its application next summer, totaled 100,000,000 francs between March 15 and October 25. Gas saving was 6.23 per cent; lighting by electricity, about 15 per cent. Social hygiene benefited by permitting working the people to be outdoors in daylight after the day's toil was over.

The granite cutters, polishers and blacksmiths, employed in the granite industry at Westerly, R. I. threatened with a substantial decrease in wages on Jan. 1, have countered with the demand for an increase of $1 a day in wages, rest periods during the morning and afternoons and Saturday off.

MLLE. LUZANNE ETIENNE

Very Attractive Girl With the French Delegation.

More than one person in Washington has commented upon the beauty of the young women who accompany the French delegation as secretaries. One of the most attractive of them is Mlle. Luzanne Etienne, secretary to M. Edouard Carteron, assistant chief of the ministry of foreign affairs.

IRISH DAIL ADJOURNS VICTORY FOR COLLINS

His Motion Passes, 77 to 44, Despite Opposition of de Valera and Foes of Treaty.

Dublin.—The Dail has adjourned until January 3.

It became apparent that, even with an all-night sitting, it would be impossible to get through before Christmas with the speeches which the members want to make. Michael Collins, therefore, got up to propose adjournment to January 3. Deputy MacEtee, who made a long speech earlier in the afternoon opposing the treaty, contested this and proposed that the Dail should sit till 1 o'clock and meet at 10 o'clock next day.

This led to a discussion complicated by a dispute as to whether members who represent two constituencies should have two votes. This dispute ended when Collins, who, like de Valera, and Milroy and MacNeill, represents two constituencies, refused to take any advantage of his position.

The amendment was defeated, 77 to 44, but the voting is not an indication as to the full strength of the parties. Though the Collins supporters voted against the amendment, many of the irreconcilables who have always believed that they could strengthen their position with their constituents voted the same way. Countess Markievicz was one of these.

De Valera thought a common agreements hould be reached to abstain from speechmaking in the country pending the next meeting, and this was accepted by Griffith.

Earlier in the afternoon the most important speech of the session was made by Professor MacNeill, the speaker, the deputy taking the chair.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Republican Leader Mondell declared after a conference with President Harding that "intelligent economy" will be the watchword of the house of representatives during the remainder of the present session.

Abandonment of the pending bill authorizing the appointment of a commission to handle the refunding of foreign loans and substitution of a measure granting authority to American representatives to join with delegates from other nations in a general international economic conference may be approved by the administration.

Representative Hogan of New York introduced a bill permitting the manufacture and sale of 2.75 per cent beer, which would be taxed $7 a barrel to pay soldier bonus.

President Harding will call a general meeting of the business heads of the government next month, at which he will preside.

Secretary Weeks announced the selection of Associate Justice Emilio De Toro as chief justice of the supreme court of Porto Rico.

Great Britain found herself completely isolated in her demand for the total abolition of the submarine.

Henry Ford's attempt to reduce freight rates on coal 20 per cent along the line of his railroad, the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton, was disallowed by Interstate Commerce Commission.

Legislation to finance a soldier bonus out of taxes on the legalized sale and manufacture of beer and light wines was declared by Representative Mondell, of Wyoming, Republican leader of the house, to be out of the question.

Great Britain's plea that the submarine be banished from the seven seas was presented to the Arms Conference, but it received no support.

A schedule of the proposed readjustment of wages of employes of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, effective Jan. 16, has been issued by General Manager C. L. Bardo. Clerical and station forces, reduced seven cents per hour. This covers storekeepers and assistants, and chief clerks.

DEBS IS FREED BY THE PRESIDENT

Socialist Leader's Sentence of Ten Years Is Commuted; Effective at Once.

RIGHTS ARE NOT RESTORED

Twenty-three Other Political Prisoners Also Let Out, but None Regains Citizenship—Murderers of British Officer Pardoned.

Washington. — Announcement was made at the White House that President Harding had commuted the sentences of twenty-four so-called political prisoners, including Eugene V. Debs, who were convicted under the Espionage act and other wartime laws and sentenced to from two to twenty years.

Five soldiers who were sentenced to life imprisonment by a general court-martial at Coblenz for the killing of a former British officer were pardoned by the President.

Computation of sentences of the twenty-four prisoners means that the President is not disposed, even in the case of Debs, to issue out-and-out pardons with consequent restoration of rights of citizenship.

Attorney General Daugherty, who called Debs to Washington for a personal interview last March, recommended to the President that it would be a "gracious act of mercy" to release the Socialist leader.

According to the summary of the Debs case as given out at the White House, "there is no question of his guilt and that he actively and purposely obstructed the draft. In fact, he admitted it at the time of his trial, but sought to justify his action. He was by no means, however, as rabid and outspoken in his expressions as many others, and but for his prominence and the resulting far-reaching effect of his words, very probably might not have received the sentence he did. He is old, not strong physically. He is a man of much personal charm and impressive personality, which qualifications make him a dangerous man calculated to mislead the unthinking and affording excuse for those with criminal intent."

No Sabotage Advocates Freed

"The list, in the main," said an Executive statement issued from the White House, "is made up of those who opposed the war in one way or another, and it is made up of less than a third of I. W. W. prisoners, and these have either expressed full penitence or are booked for deportation. The Department of Justice has given no recommendation in behalf of the advocates of sabotage or the destruction of government by force, and the President let it be known he would not consider such cases. In addition to the five soldiers on the list, many other cases are under consideration.

"No comment was made by the President on the case of Debs. The President and the Attorney General had given very extended consideration to the Debs petitions, and it is known that the fact that he had twice been the Presidential candidate of a million voters had its influence in reaching a decision favorable to his release.

"The President expressed the wish that it be stated that grant of clemency in the cases acted upon does not question the justice of any action of the courts in enforcing the law in a time of national peril, but he feels the ends of justice have been fairly met in view of the changed conditions. The vast majority of so-called political prisoners still imprisoned are the I. W. W. group, are rarely American citizens and have no good claim to Executive clemency. A number of convicted citizens have never been imprisoned, owing to appeals under bond. There are also many thousands of indictments under war legislation still pending. These do not come under Executive consideration."

The five soldiers pardoned by the President's order are Carl J. Bryan, James A. O'Dell, Roy Youngblood, George Van Gilder and J. B. Richardson. While serving with the American forces in Germany, they were tried before a general court-martial on the charge of murdering George Lancefield, a former British officer, and were sentenced to life imprisonment.

Dist.-Atty. Charles H. Wright is on the trail of the "big fellows" in the liquor running traffic around Springfield, Mass. A statement by him indicated that he will smoke out some of those who have made thousands of dollars through illicit traffic in liquor.

Mrs. Hazel Rounds Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples

"I was troubled with pimples on my face and arms which would itch and burn terrible, and sometimes I could not sleep nights. They were festered and scaled over, and I could not wear long sleeved dresses because the cloth aggravated them and made them worse.

"I tried several different remedies without any results. Seeing an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment I sent for a free sample and was relieved so much I bought more. In less than a month I was completely healed and I only used one cake of Cuticura Soap and half a box of Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Hazel Rounds, Freedom, New Hampshire.

Cuticura Soap Ointment and Talcum promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else fails.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

INCORPORATED 1819

DEPOSITS

October 14, 1920	October 14, 1921	Increase
$11,413,606.69	$12,170,081.74	$756,475.06

At 4 1-2% per annum

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

EVERY TIME YOU STEP

to our receiving teller's window and make a deposit, you step higher up the ladder to financial achievement. Begin today—come in and open an account.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street — Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY — MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to — CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY — All Goods are Pure Absolutely

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest From the Six States

George Brier, Jr., 14, of Worcester, Mass., believed by the police to be the youngest forger ever arrested in that city, was arraigned in juvenile court. His case was continued for investigation.

A fim-flam game by which it is said many Worcester, Mass., people were mulcted out of thousands of dollars, is being investigated by state detective Robert E. Molt. In the meantime the police of Portland, Me., have traced Robert W. Walter, alias R. Walter, and Margaret Sterling, alias Emerson, alias Winters, alias Walt, alias Darby, alias Dunlock, to Flint, Mich., and have sent a warrant for their arrest to the Flint police. The Portland police believe Walter and the Sterling woman not only operated in Worcester but worked in Wakefield, Gardner and many other places.

BUYERS' STRIKE OVER

$600,000,000 Spent for Holidays, United States Reports.

Washington.—More than $300,000,000 poured into the cash drawers of merchants in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other big cities as a result of the holiday demand for luxuries, government reports indicated.

The returns indicate that the nation's buyers' strike, which began early in 1921, is almost abandoned by the public in most sections of the United States.

AFTER HONKING HOUNDS

Get Out and Ring Doorbell or Pay $5 Fine in New York.

New York.—The growing practice of giving automobile horns a "come hither" honk to summon a friend or sweetheart for a spin in preference to getting out and buzzing the doorbell must stop. It was decreed in traffic court when a driver was fined $5 for such conduct.

"Those who court by honking keep people awake," declared Magistrate Cobb.

William M. Wood, president of the American Woolen Company, Lawrence, Mass., in extending Christmas greetings to the employes of the company, assured them there would be no reduction in their wages during the coming season. His announcement was contained in a letter to the Booster, the official publication of the company.

The name of Maine's most famous regiment, the 103d Infantry of the Y-D was perpetuated by unanimous vote of the assembled officers of the third Maine Infantry national guard, in Portland, Saturday, which assumes this designation. The war department will be asked to make the change, and it has already been intimated that the request will be granted.

The rum-running schooner Romance, whose illicit cargo of 300 cases of whisky was seized by customs officials recently, has been ordered by Judge Morton in the United States district court, Boston, sold at auction to satisfy the civil libel of the New Bedford ship-fitting firm of Briggs & Beckman. No one appeared in court to answer the libel, which was based on the alleged non-payment of $1073 for ship supplies furnished the vessel and the sale was ordered by default.

Ethel M. Kimball, who posed as "James A. Hathaway" and worked for two years as a man in a cracker factory, when arraigned in the Somerville, Mass., District Court, declared that her marriage was a prank and that Louise Marguerite Aechtler was quite aware that she was a girl when she married her. She said the whole marriage business was a prank, and that she and Miss. Aechtler cooked up the job between them to have a little fun among themselves.

A large sign reading "Federal Agents—Stop," and further down the road a pavement of heavy planks, studded with spikes, is a device which Herbert H. Hovey, chief field deputy of Maine's prohibition enforcement agents, has proposed for catching bootleggers running rum by motor. Hovey contends that this device would do away with unnecessay gunplay. According to his theory, a respectable citizen would obey the mandate and his car would be uninjured, whereas a bootlegger would speed up and be caught on the spikes, where federal agents would grab him.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE MARBLE FAUN

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Condensation by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham

FOUR individuals were standing in the sculpture gallery of the capitol at Rome. Three of them were artists, and they had been simultaneously struck by a resemblance between one of the antique statues and a young Italian, the fourth member of their party.

"You must confess, Kenyon," said a dark-eyed young woman, whom her friends called Miriam, "that you never chiseled out of the marble a more vivid likeness than this. Our friend, Donatello, is the very Faun of Praxiteles. Is it not true, Hilda?"

"Not quite—almost—yes, I really think so," replied Hilda, a slender New England girl, whose perception of form was singularly clear.

"Donatello," said Miriam, "you are a veritable Faun. Shake aside those brown curls and let us see whether this resemblance includes furry ears."

"No, no! dearest Signorina," answered Donatello, "you must take my ears for granted," and he lightly tripped beyond the reach of her extended hand, only a moment later to come close to her and look into her face with appealing affection.

"You have bewitched the poor lad," said the sculptor laughing. "That is a way of yours. I see another of your followers behind yon pillar, and his presence has aroused Donatello's wrath."

They had emerged from the palace, and there, partly concealed by a pillar in the portico, stood the wild figure of a bearded man.

"Miriam," whispered Hilda, "it is your model."

Miriam's model, as Hilda called him, had suddenly appeared a few weeks previously when the four friends were visiting one of the Catacombs. In the dark depths of the earth, amid the labyrinth of passageways, Miriam had been lost. Guided by the shouts of the others she had finally reappeared accompanied by this strange and uncouth creature. And from that time on he continued constantly to haunt her footsteps, disappearing perhaps for days only to return and glide like a shadow into her life. What hold he had on her or she on him remained unknown, enhancing the mystery, already deep, which hung about this beautiful woman.

One of Miriam's friends took the matter sadly to heart. This was the light-hearted, faun-like Italian count, who seemed such a child of nature. He cherished against the mysterious stranger one of those instinctive antipathies which the lower animals sometimes display.

In the Medici Gardens the unwelcome creature had appeared among the trees just as Donatello was declaring his love for Miriam. "I hate him," muttered Donatello as he caught sight of the sinister figure. "Be satisfied; I hate him, too," said Miriam. Whereupon Donatello had offered to clutch him by the throat, that they might be rid of him forever; and the woman had difficulty in restraining the gentle youth, whose hitherto light-hearted nature seemed suddenly suffused with rage.

But it was otherwise a few nights later on a moonlight ramble that a company of artists were enjoying among the ruins of old Rome. The four friends were of the party, which, after visiting many places, climbed the Capitoline hill and stood on the Tarpeian rock. It was bordered by a low parapet. They all bent over the railing and looked down. Miriam and Donatello stood together gazing into the moonlit depths. They were so absorbed with the scene and with each other that they did not notice the departure of their friends. Hilda had gone off with Kenyon, who had drawn her quietly away, and the others had departed in twos and threes, leaving Miriam behind alone with the Italian. But not entirely alone. Hilda had gone but a short way with the sculptor when she missed her friend and turned back. She reached the paved courtyard with the parapet just in time to witness unnoticed a tragic scene. Out of the shadows the familiar figure of Miriam's persecutor had appeared and approached her. There was a struggle beginning and ending in one breathless instant. Along with it was a loud, fearful cry which quivered upward through the air and sank quivering downward to the earth. Then a silence! Poor Hilda saw the whole quick passage of a deed which took but that little time to grave itself in the eternal adamant. She turned and fled unseen, and the lovers were indeed alone.

"What have you done?" said Miriam in a horror stricken whisper.

"I did what ought to be done to a traitor," Donatello replied: "what your eyes bade me do as I held the wretch over the precipice."

The first words struck Miriam like a bullet. Had her eyes indeed provoked, or assented to this deed? She had not known it. But, alas! thinking back she could not deny that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart when she saw her persecutor in mortal peril. Yes, Donatello's had been the hand; but hers had been the look, except for which the hand had not been lifted.

She turned to her fellow-criminal, the youth so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom, and pressed him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their hearts together. "Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth," said she. "My heart consented. The deed knits us together like the coil of a serpent." They threw one glance at the heap of death below to assure themselves that it was not all a dream—then turned from the fatal precipice and made their way back into the city arm in arm and heart in heart.

An agreement had been entered into before the moonlight tragedy had taken place that the four friends should meet next morning in the Church of the Capuchins to study together Guido's famous picture of St. Michael and Satan. Thither at the hour agreed upon Miriam and Donatello turned their steps. Conscious of secret guilt, they were the more anxious to keep a casual engagement.

But, when they drew near the church, Kenyon alone was waiting for them. Hilda had promised to be of the party, but she was not there. The three pushed back the heavy curtain and entered the nave, only to have their gaze arrested at once by a conspicuous object. On a slightly elevated bier lay the dead body of a monk, tall candles burning at his head and feet. The rigid figure was clad in the brown woolen frock of the Capuchins, with the hood drawn over the head but so as to leave the features uncovered. Something seemed to act like a magnet upon Miriam. She passed between two of the lighted candles and looked down. "My God!" she murmured, "what is this?" She grasped Donatello's hand and felt him give a convulsive shudder. No wonder that their blood curdled. The dead face of the monk gazing at them beneath its half-closed eyelids was the same visage that had glared upon their naked souls the night before as Donatello had flung him over the precipice. What did it mean? Kenyon drew near, perceived their agitation, and started to say something. But Miriam laid her finger to her lips and quietly said, "Hush." From the shadowy church the tree emerged into the Roman sunlight, Kenyon to go in search of Hilda, but leaving a darker shadow still to settle down upon the lovers. The young Italian was petrified with horror. Miriam tried to cheer him, assuring him of her undying love. But she met with no response. They parted almost as strangers, it being agreed that Donatello should seek his castle in the mountains.

Thither, in the summer, Kenyon went to pay a long-planned visit. He found the poor faun sadly changed. The idea of a life-long penance had taken firm possession of Donatello. He was intent on finding some method of self-torture. Kenyon, knowing now something of what had happened, arranged with Miriam that she should be in the public square of Perugia on a specified day, near the statue of Pope Julius. There the lovers met again. The sense of their mutual crime had stunned, but not destroyed the youth's affection. They needed one another. Kenyon cheered and encouraged them. Their two lives flowed together and the great bronze statue of the Pope, his hand outreached in a papal benediction, beneath which they had met, appeared to impart a blessing on their marriage.

So Kenyon went back to Rome to woo the gentle Hilda, whose sensitive soul was burdened by the knowledge of the awful guilt of her friends. The secret weighed upon her heavily. She sought the seclusion of great churches, and at last, Protestant though she was, she found relief by pouring out in the confessional at St. Peter's the story of the crime that she had witnessed.

But for Miriam and Donatello the end was not yet reached. The sense of sin had awakened in the faun-like youth what human love could not assuage. Miriam could not rid him of the idea that he must surrender himself to justice. Kenyon had glimpses of the pair, now taking part in revelries, but again concealed behind habiliments of woe. In a desolate spot in the Campagna Miriam at last disclosed the mystery surrounding her own past. It was the story of a marriage to be forced upon her from which her soul revolted. She escaped, though not without unjust suspicions of a crime. Concealing her identity she gave herself to art. Then, in the Catacombs, the man whom she loathed, half brute and half religious maniac, had reappeared, dogging her steps and threatening to disclose her to the world—with what catastrophe the sculptor knew.

As for Hilda and Kenyon, they went forward into happiness, their pure love consecrating all they did. But even as they plighted their troth to one another in the Pantheon before the tomb of Raphael, upon turning around they saw a kneeling figure on the pavement. It was Miriam, who reached out her hands in a blessing, but a blessing which seemed also to repel. As for Donatello, remorse eventually worked its way and when heard of last he was in a dungeon as deep as that beneath the Castle of St. Angelo.

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Springtime Quandary.

Another sign of spring is the worried efforts of young fathers to decide whether it will be a new baby carriage or a second-hand motor car.—Indianapolis News.

Must Learn From Experience.

Those who do not constantly review the lessons of their experiences for guidance are always puzzled when they come to the parting of the ways and are as likely to take the wrong road as the right one.

Cane Identifies Porto Ricans.

In Porto Rico a man is known by his walking stick, just as the fan proclaims the social position of the woman who carries it.

On a Desert Island.

The hero of the party shipwrecked on a desert island usually lights a fire by means of his watch crystal. Can it be done?

Susan Rides in a Parlor Car

By LAURA MONTGOMERY.

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While the Simpsons had lived in Emington they had had a hard time to make both ends meet. After they had moved three stations down the line Joseph began to get more work and Mrs. Simpson was able to use her energies for her family instead of helping out the earnings of her husband by doing two washings a week at home. The same energy that had impelled her to slave over the washtubs was now diverted into other channels and she constantly urged Susan, her nineteen-year-old daughter, to try and blossom out as a well-dressed young lady.

"If you'd just hold your head up, Susan, and study hard there's no telling where you might land," she prodded, stitching away at a too-elaborate white frock for the girl.

"But, ma, we're just ordinary village folk. Everybody knows to a cent what we have, so why bother? I don't want to land anywhere except—" here a delicate pink crept up into her freckled cheeks, that were a satiny white where the golden dust of the freckles had not come—"in Charlie's cottage. I used to wonder who would want to marry me, and of all the fellows I never thought of him. He's so strong and tall. Don't you think he is the best looking man in Emington, ma?"

Her mother glanced down the brown ribbon of road that led toward the quaint village. The small house with the steep green roof was on an ambitious rise of ground that nearly achieved the distinction of being a hill. She could see the roofs of the village and the curling wreaths of gray smoke that swept heavily along the hot clouds above the single-track railroad.

"I often think, Susan," said ma dreamily, "what the railroad might bring. Most any one might come in

"You Are Fresh and Pretty—"

on the noon train—yes," she said in answer to her daughter's questioning glance, "Charlie is good looking, but you might marry better than a blacksmith. You are fresh and pretty——"

The dawning pink became a mortified scarlet. "Ma, how you talk, as though I'd marry to better myself. I love Charlie and I'm proud to think that I'll live in the darling brown cottage that is nearly finished."

Ma's tired, ambitious head wagged sagely over her sewing. Susan should be pushed forward in spite of her silly scruples. Ma had insisted upon Susan taking a few singing lessons and the girl was to sing a solo at Gleaner's hall at Emington. When the time came for the entertainment ma went about with a mysterious, secretive smile on her pursed-up lips. She had finished the fussed-up white lace frock with its intricate trimmings of tiny ruffles and she had even sent away (through a mail-order catalogue) and bought a pair of white satin slippers with wobbly heels that tottered unless Susan remembered to walk very carefully.

"I guess," said ma when she had fastened the last hook and ribbon and turned the embarrassed Susan around for the family gaze, "that no one who looks at her today will remember that I used to take in two big washings a week to keep us going. With Susan's voice and looks there's no telling how far she'll go."

"Ain't she goin' to Emington to sing tonight?" queried Freddy excitedly.

"Stupid, we're all goin'," yelled Lucy, holding out a tightly braided head. "Ma, iron my plaits now so they'll be good and fuzzy. Shall I have a white dress like Susan's after she's married to Charlie?"

"You never can tell who might come in on the train," mused ma, twitching at Susan's sash. "Be sure you sing just as loud as you can and don't let that Spriggs girl think she can sing better'n you just because she's taken six months. You've got a natural soprano."

Susan, nervous and uneasy, nodded mutely. If her throat felt the same when the programme opened she knew that she would be unable to sing a single note, but she remained silent.

"Now," said ma grandly as she emerged from the ticket office with the tickets, "I've done something big for Susan. Here's the Banner coming now, down the track. You children and pa stand ready to hop on, and be sure and turn back some seats, so's we can all ride facing each other. You, Susan, are going to ride in the parlor car. Here's the ticket for your ride. Mr. Meadows sure stared when I asked him to reserve a chair in the parlor car for today. I've read that only the best people travel that way, and there's no telling who——" Her eager voice was drowned in the approaching roar of the Banner train from St. Louis, and before the dazed Susan could ask how much the reservation cost she had been helped up the steps by the colored porter and the train flashed off.

Susan kept her eyes fixed on the flying landscape for a few miles, then timidly raised her eyes. Her fellow passengers paid scant attention to the little freckled country girl in her unsuitable frock of lace and floppy hat. She vaguely sensed the difference in clothing and tried to keep her white satin shod feet under the footrest. She was glad when her station was called and she tottered to the vestibule to descend. At the farther end of the train she saw Charlie gayly helping down ma and the numerous members of ma's family.

"Why, where's Susan?" she heard him exclaim as pa gingerly stepped down from the high step of the day coach and counted heads.

"Susan," ma's voice was replete with pride, "came in the parlor car. You know, she's agoin' to sing at the ball tonight."

Charlie's face clouded. He went slowly toward the small, white-clad figure tottering along anxiously toward him. "Susan, I feel ashamed of you," he said sternly. "Why should you ride in a chair car and your ma go in the day coach? If you've got such notions as that I don't think you're cut out for a working man's wife. Is a duke coming to take you to the ball or do you want me to help you along in those satin shoes?"

Susan's eyes misted suddenly, but she was too shy to reply. Pa, who had followed, intervened.

"Susan didn't know that she was to ride in the parlor car. It's her ma's doings. You see," pa winked at the disapproving young man, "I've never been of much account in the family and ma has had to look out for our future, but," he sent a cautious glance back to where his better-half was talking volubly with a group of old neighbors, "I guess I'll have to begin and curb her some. Now that she ain't busy with the two washings a week her mind is running toward society doings and she plagues Susan about acting like a young lady instead of a nice little girl who can cook the best meals in the country."

"I thought my dress was pretty fancy," murmured Susan with a contrite smile in the direction of her intrepid mother, "but I hated to say anything after ma worked so hard decking me out."

"Oh," Charlie tucked the sunburned little hand under his arm with a belligerent glance at a traveling man nearby, "that's it. Say, Susan, I thought for a minute that you'd grown above me. Want to stop in at the ice cream parlor and get something? All the family, too," he added generously.

Susan's face became sunshiny. "All right," she assented, "my throat does feel awful dry."

PERSISTENCE WINS THE RACE

Man Who Is Willing to Devote Himself to the "Steady Grind" Will Always Be Victor.

The fellow who knows how to grind gets there in the end.

Some people are always looking for sky-rockets. They believe human affairs are guided by the genius of luck. They believe in a Santa Claus for adults. They expect to wake up some morning and find themselves wealthy, famous and powerful. But the chariots of fire never appear. The golden lands that lie at the end of the rainbow are never reached. Across their firmament the meteors of great success never flash.

If there is anything that a well-balanced man over thirty ought to know it is that Genius is generally nothing but Hard Work disguised in fancy clothes.

It's the steady grind day after day in the face of ups and downs that makes a fellow's dreams come true.

Constant application, persistency and dogged determination are the qualities that win at last.

Shaking dice with fate is a fool's game. History records the victories of no man who was not a day laborer in life's harvest field.

Good luck is the rarest flower that blows, and it blossoms mostly in the gardens of imagination.

If your rival is a steady grinder, look out for him.—Thrift Magazine.

One Advantage.

Friend—But, dear, what do you see in Mr. Dud-Simpley, to want to marry him?

Mrs. De Smart (a society widow)—Don't know, dear, I'm sure, except that his initials bein' the same will save me the awful fag of alterin' the monogram on everything I possess.

Became Historic Emblem.

The American flag that a Scotswoman made to use at the burial of the Tuscania victims, was presented to President Wilson, who had it deposited in the National museum in August, 1918.

Queen Alexandra Is Poor.

The poorest member of the British royal family today is Queen Alexandra. Her majesty's allowance from the state is $350,000 a year, but that falls far below what it costs her to maintain Marlborough house and Sandringham. It is said that Queen Alexandra today is only just able, although living in comparative retirement, to make both ends meet and that she could not do but for her private resources, which are by no means large.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

True Detective Stories

THE DOUBLE CRIME

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IT WAS in the late summer of 1903 that the New York police discovered the body of a man, evidently an Italian, concealed in a barrel on the East side. Every mark that could possibly supply a clue to his identification had been removed—even the labels had been clipped from his clothes—and the manner in which his face had been mutilated rendered him totally unrecognizable.

But, just as the case was about to be entered upon the book of New York's unsolved mysteries, it was cleared up through a coincidence so startling that no writer of detective fiction would have dared make use of it.

On the night of the murder, William J. Flynn, then chief of the Eastern division of the United States secret service, with headquarters in New York, was working on one of the numerous counterfeiting cases which occur so frequently in the Italian section of the metropolis.

Flynn himself was elected to trail a pair of Italians whom he had reason to believe were working for or with the counterfeiters. The trail led to an Italian grocery, where, from the shadow of a doorway across the street, the government detective could see into a lighted room in the suspected house. A few moments later a covered wagon drew up in front of the house, a man got out, entered the grocery, and made his way into the very room that Flynn was watching. The light from the lamp fell directly upon his face, and the secret service operative realized that this must be a new addition to the gang, for he was certainly no one that he had seen before. Then the curtains to the window were drawn, and Flynn abandoned his chase for the time being.

The next morning the murdered man was discovered, nearly half a mile from the place where Flynn had hidden himself the night before. It was several days later that the operative read the official account of the crime and noted that the body had been found in a sugar barrel, partly filled with blood-stained sawdust. The date of the murder, coupled with the use of a sugar barrel, recalled to the operative's mind the fact that he had been watching an Italian grocery at or about the time that the foreigner had been killed. Merely to satisfy himself that there was no connection between the counterfeiters and the murdered man, Flynn went to the morgue and examined the body. The peculiar shape of the forehead, the manner in which the hair splayed out above the prominent ears and the blood-stained green hat which had been found in the barrel, told the story beyond the shadow of a doubt. It was the stranger whom Flynn had seen entering the store which he had been watching!

Feeling certain that here was a sign which pointed toward the operations of the gang which he was after, Flynn had the body photographed from a number of angles, while experts in physiognomy reconstructed the features to something approaching a life-like appearance. Then, armed with these post-mortem pictures, Flynn took a trip to Ossining to see if any of the members of the Italian colony in Sing Sing could identify the dead man.

The idea proved to be a good one, for a convict whom Flynn knew—an Italian serving time for another counterfeiting case—identified the photographs as being those of his brother-in-law, Maruena Benedetto, whom he described as being a peaceful hard-working citizen who had never been implicated in any of the crimes of the Italian settlement.

Working backward from this clue, Flynn and the other secret service operatives trailed the Italians whom the chief had seen in the grocery store on the night of the murder, and it was not long before they had made a complete roundup of the gang. As was to be expected in a crime of this nature, alibis were plentiful, but, as was usual, these were none too well supported by fact, and it was a comparatively simple matter for the police to get at the bottom of the case, once the identity of the victim had been established.

A judicious application of the "third degree" brought to light the fact that Benedetto had been killed because he had gotten wind of the counterfeiting plot, and because he was the brother-in-law of the man who later identified the body—a man who had incurred the undying enmity of his compatriots by turning state's evidence. The inflexible laws of the society to which they both belonged—one of the societies which rules Little Italy with a rule of iron and a hand of blood—demanded the sacrifice of the next of kin in the event of information being given to the police.

But, if Flynn had not happened to be watching the grocery store the night of the murder, the chances are that the crime would still be unsolved. The leader of the murder gang was found to be Ignazio Lupo, one of the very men Flynn was after, but the government allowed the counterfeiting charge to hang fire until the expiration of Lupo's term for manslaughter. Another Lupo, brother to Ignazio, escaped at the time, and was not captured until ten years later, although Flynn and his associates were on the lookout for him all that time.

Gone to the Dogs.

Headline—"Hermits Eat Grass and Bark." We should rather expect them to moo or whinny.—Boston Transcript.

The Rolling Stone.

Besides gathering no moss, a rolling stone naturally gravitates down hill.—Philadelphia Record.

True Detective Stories

BROKEN GLASS

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WHEN Sergt. John F. Brennan of New York's police force reached Sixty-ninth street and Park avenue shortly after the accident which caused the death of John McHugh, he found practically nothing which could come under the head of "evidence."

McHugh, it appeared, had been driving along in a light buggy, shortly after dark. An automobile, speeding from behind, had struck the buggy and smashed it to bits, killing McHugh instantly. Apparently the only living witness to the tragedy was the horse, but, as Brennan said, "there's no way of makin' a horse talk."

So the sergeant set to work to collect what bits of evidence he could gather from the surrounding street.

Caught on one of the spokes of the buggy wheel, where it had evidently been torn off by the force of the collision, was a nickel-plated lamp rim bearing the name of the "Ham Lamp Company, Rochester, N. Y." That, and a small fragment of automobile tire about three inches in length, appeared to be the only results of the damage which the automobile had suffered.

But Brennan figured that, as the lamp rim had been torn from its socket, the lens of the lamp would naturally have been shattered, so he set to work to pick up the bits of glass. When he returned to headquarters that night he brought with him an envelope containing twenty-one pieces of glass, together with the nickeled rim, the buggy spoke on which it had caught and the jagged piece torn from the automobile tire.

"What are you going to do with that junk?" inquired his associates on the force. "If Sherlock Holmes had had those he could have told you the make of the car, the complexion of the man who was driving it, the license number and how many gallons of gas there was in the tank—but, outside of a book, what good are they?"

"Maybe none at all," admitted Brennan, "but if you'll use some brains when you look at 'em you'll note several things that may be of help in locatin' the car that killed McHugh and then drove off into the night. I never did take much stock in the Sherlock Holmes stories—it's easy enough to fix it so that your hero can solve a problem that you know the answer of—but here's one case in which I think that his deductin' theories will come in pretty handy.

"See that smudge?" and the sergeant held up the buggy spoke and pointed to what appeared to be a worn place on the wood toward the end which had been nearest the wheel. "At first I thought it was merely where the paint had worn off and the wood showed through. But the rest of the buggy was spick and span. Only a few days out of the shop. So I examined it more carefully and found that it was a bit of gray paint, scratched off the body of the death car itself!

"Take that lamp rim, now. There are fourteen cars on the market that are equipped with lamps made by that company. So that reduces the number of suspects that much more. We've got to look for a gray car of one of those fourteen makes, which eliminates more than 70 per cent of the cars in the city."

"But what about those pieces of glass? What are they goin' to tell you?"

"Eventually, the name of the man who owned the car," replied Brennan. "There are three kinds of glass there—one plain glass, one mirror lens and one concave-convex lens. If you'll fit 'em together you'll see that the car carried eight-inch gas headlights and six-inch oil sidelights. Therefore it was an old model. The bit of rubber was very evidently ripped off a four-inch tire. Now, you members of the traffic squad, what kind of a car answers those specifications?"

"A 1909 Packard, model 18," came in a chorus from several of the men who had been trained to recognize the make and model of an automobile from the appearance of its headlights.

"Right!" snapped Brennan. "Old Sherlock Holmes wasn't so far out of the way after all. Now all we have to look for is a 1909 model Packard, painted gray, with at least one gash along the paint on the right side and badly in need of repairs. The headlights are gone, so the car couldn't have traveled very far. Get after the garages around Sixty-ninth street and we ought to have our man before morning. I've done enough work for one night and I'm perfectly willin' that one of you boys should have the credit for the arrest!"

It was less than an hour later that the headquarters' phone rang and Brennan was notified that the owner and driver of the car had been arrested and had confessed, giving as an excuse the fact that he hadn't seen McHugh's buggy until he had been right on top of it and then it was too late to stop the machine. But the fact that he had driven on, without stopping to see what damage he had caused, was enough to convict him of manslaughter and send him to the penitentiary for an extended visit—all on account of a few pieces of glass, a bit of rubber and a smudge of paint, plus the ingenuity of the detective who successfully wove these objects into the strongest kind of a chain of evidence.

CASTORIA
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In Use For Over 30 Years
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WATER

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HOME TO MOTHER

What Usually Happens on Son's Brief Visit.

But This Doesn't by Any Means Imply That the Reunion's Not Thoroughly Enjoyable.

"Well, I'm going home to see my mother," announced the man in the next office.

And everybody was delighted.

It's so nice to hear of a grown, busy man, all filled with business cares and interest, who pushes them aside early Saturday morning and takes a long, stuffy train ride just to see his mother.

And so the women in the office became all sentimental and touched because this man was going all that distance to see his mother.

When he got back on Monday morning they pounced on him to know whether he had had a good time.

There was scarcely one of them who wasn't laughing the soft-music by the orchestra scenes which must have taken place at the reunion.

"Yes, I saw my mother," said the returned prodigal, "and I had a fine time—went fishing all day Sunday!"

By careful calculation it was discovered that out of the day and a half which he spent at home he had spent most of the half day with his mother.

Nine times out of ten this is what happens when a boy comes home after a long absence.

All the time he is away he wants to see his mother; his greatest hope is that vacation, short or long, which will give him a chance to get home.

And home means mother.

When it arrives, he catches the first train out, and almost runs from the station to the house; he is so crazy to see his mother.

Having seen her, and heard all her news and told all his, he eats the best meal he has had in ages, sleeps in his own bed in his own room for the first time in ages, eats a huge breakfast the next morning—and goes out.

He may go to attend to some business, he may go to the movies, he may go to see his best girl—or he may go fishing.

But he goes out—and he stays out until time for the next meal.

Unkind? Selfish? No, he doesn't mean to be.

Coming home, even for a short time, means just that to him; he loves to think that he's home now, and he can do anything he pleases.

He has his mother right there where he can see her and talk to her any time he wants to.

It is a very nice, comforting feeling, and all he needs, all he has wished for during the long weeks of his absence.

Of course, it isn't all she wants or all she needs; she would like to have him every minute of the short time he has at home; and she tries to arrange things so that she can.

Even if the visit isn't very comforting to her as far as seeing her son long enough is concerned, she knows that he has been as anxious to get home as she was to have him come.

And that the most important part of being home is in being near mother.—Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.

Carry Photographs in Hats.

Ever since the custom among men of carrying pictures of their wives, sweethearts or children pasted on the dials of their watches died out numerous substitute receptacles have been used, but practically none of these has arrived. Now, according to a young woman in charge of the hat check room in a downtown hotel, a suitable place for these pictures has been discovered by some one and the fad is rapidly spreading among the men.

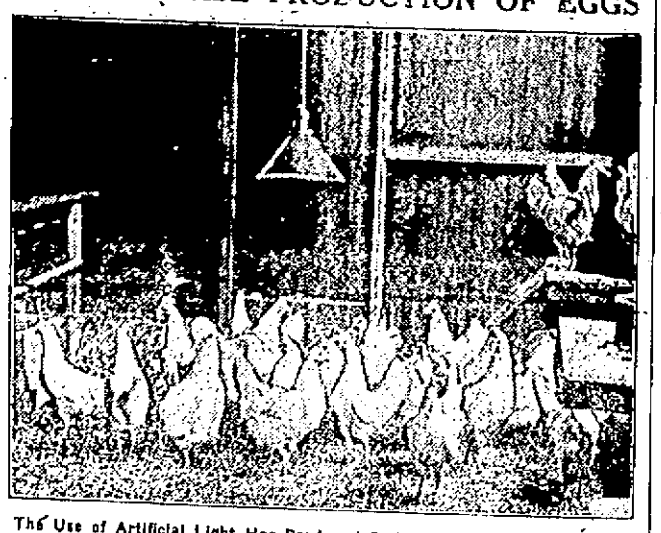
"Lately," said this young woman, "I've noticed that a good many of the hats checked here have pictures of girls, elderly women or children pasted inside the crown just below the maker's name. Besides keeping the photographs of their loved ones near, this new wrinkle enables the men to tell at a glance whether or not I hand them the correct hats in return for their checks."—New York Sun.

Leaf's Inestimable Value.

"The leaf," said Martin E. Davey in addressing the house of representatives on reforestation, "is probably the most wonderful and is certainly the most vital and indispensable factor in the world of living things. Without the leaf all life must perish. It is the one and only connecting link between the organic and inorganic worlds. It is the only thing capable of transforming the various mineral elements into available food material for both plant and animal.

"The only minerals that man can take into his system and use are water and salt, but he can use only a limited quantity of these. Every other element of food must come to him either directly or indirectly through the leaf."

ARTIFICIAL LIGHTS FOR FOWLS INCREASE PRODUCTION OF EGGS



The Use of Artificial Light Has Produced Satisfactory Results in Egg Production of Flocks in a Number of States.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Artificial lights properly operated will materially increase the winter egg production of pullets, the United States Department of Agriculture believes. The use of lights may also slightly increase the yearly egg production of individual hens, though not to any marked extent. The opinion of the department's poultry division is fully corroborated by many of the state experiment stations, particularly those in California, Indiana, Kansas, Washington, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, New York and New Jersey. County agents working in New York and New Jersey report considerable activity in this project, in which the Department of Agriculture usually cooperates with the state agricultural college through the county agent.

Lighting as a Feeding Measure.

It should be well understood that artificial lighting is intended primarily as a means of getting the hens to feed longer than they otherwise would during the short days of fall and winter. An extra feeding of scratch grain should be provided, so that the flock is induced to eat not only enough for maintenance but an amount comparable to what is eaten in the more active laying seasons.

Lights are used soon after September 1 in New Jersey, but in most localities they are started November 1 and continued to April 1. Conditions vary in different states. What may be good practice in New Jersey may not work in Kansas. In the latter state electricity is considered the only practicable kind of light, while in other states kerosene lamps and gasoline mantles are sometimes used. Electricity is the most practical method to use wherever it is available.

How to Use Artificial Light.

The total daylight, real and artificial, should be about fourteen hours. There are three ways of increasing the apparent length of the day—by turning on lights very early in the morning, or by keeping them going several hours at night, or by using them both morning and night. While all three methods have given good results, the first is usually found most convenient, because the lights merge into daylight and no ill effects result if they are not turned off promptly.

In using the second method some dimming device is needed with electric lights to lower the illumination gradually. The hens do not get to their roosts if the light is suddenly extinguished. Gasoline and kerosene lamps have to be turned down.

Artificial lighting can be abused, with disastrous effects on the flock. If they are run for too long a day, the hens may produce well for a short time and then begin to moult. If the laying passes 60 per cent, or, in the opinion of some poultry authorities, 50 per cent, there is danger of moulting and consequent cessation of laying. In the spring the lights should never be stopped abruptly. The length of time they are run should be shortened about ten minutes a day until they can be entirely abandoned.

Other Points With Lights.

Fresh water should be given the flock the first thing in the morning when the lights are turned on. Birds of different ages should not be housed together or lighted in the same way. They should be properly graded and flocked according to age. Lighting makes it possible to carry February-hatched pullets through the first fall and winter producing period with less moulting. Yearlings and two-year-old hens are better if started with artificial lights in January, and the method is not as profitable as with pullets. It is considered a questionable practice to turn lights on culled hens to stimulate egg production. In New Jersey, where the largest amount of work has been done with artificial lighting, it is thought better to sell the culls and buy good birds.

Artificial lights should be suspended from the ceiling so that the entire floor space is lighted. If the roosting closet partition casts a shadow on the roosts, the chickens will go to sleep in the shadow.

Results in New Jersey show that in general the use of lights nearly doubles production during the period of high prices of eggs and greatly increases the usual net return over the cost of lights and feed in the lighted pens. The lighted flock showed better health than the unlighted ones, and the subsequent laying was as good among the birds which had had winter lights as with any of the birds.

A record was kept of 14 New Jersey flocks for five months. The birds averaged 3,602 in number and laid 250,511 eggs altogether. This was a 41 per cent production, whereas a 22 per cent production was usual before the experiment. This meant an increase of 127,158 eggs.

An experiment was made at the agricultural experiment station, New Brunswick, N. J., in which 600 unlighted pullets made a profit of $3.20 per bird, but 500 lighted birds cleared $5.07 each. The lights were turned on in the morning. Where an evening lunch was given to 100 pullets the profit per bird was $5.48. The feed and operating cost for 1,100 birds was 4.4 cents per bird. An increase of a single egg per bird pays this cost.

AFFECT FARM VALUES BY CHANGES IN TYPE

Certain Crops Have Ceased to Be Profitable.

Farmer in Making New Selection Will Do Well to Look Back and Follow Economic Changes That Have Occurred.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many farmers, before buying a farm, have saved themselves future losses by looking well into the matter of a probable change in the type of farming practiced in the region they have under consideration. Certain crops may cease to be profitable owing to the development of other regions more favorably situated for their production and marketing. Some crops may have to be abandoned because of disease, insect pests or other causes. The United States Department of Agriculture suggests the test question: Is the farm selected adapted to such possible changes?

For instance, the farm selected may now be growing beans, potatoes, corn, oats, clover and hay, with the prospect that beans and potatoes will soon cease to be profitable. The question then arises—can some other crop or crops be found to replace them? Very few regions have a wide range of crops, especially in general farming, and adaptability to new crops is a very important consideration.

Can the beef-cattle farm be made over into a dairy farm? Can the dairy farm be made into a sheep farm? Can the fruit farm be made into a hay, grain or live stock farm? In many instances it will be found that the farm in question demands a type of farming that cannot be easily changed to meet the needs of changing conditions.

When making a selection, look back and follow the local economic changes that have occurred in the last 30 years, and then judge for yourself whether the farm you have under consideration has the adaptability necessary for meeting the changes that are bound to come in the future.

BEST CABBAGE FOR STORING

Should Be Carefully Grown and of Variety Well Adapted to Keeping, Say Experts.

Cabbage for storing should be carefully grown and handled and of a variety well adapted to keeping, say the vegetable specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. The heads should be solid and all loose leaves removed and practically free from injuries caused by insects and diseases. They should be placed in a storage house so constructed and arranged as to prevent drip from the structure striking the stored heads. It is also essential that moisture and ventilation be so controlled as to prevent the condensation of moisture on the cabbage while in storage. The temperature maintained in common storage houses may vary from 32 to 45 or 50 degrees Fahrenheit, depending on outdoor conditions. In no case should the cabbage be allowed to freeze.

The usual type of construction employed in commercial storage houses is that of a broad, low house with an alley sufficiently wide to admit a team and wagon through the center, and with the storage bins or shelves arranged on either side. The cabbage is placed on shelves in layers, one to three layers deep, or in crates or ventilated bins. Banks, pits and cellars are also largely used for the keeping of the crop.

One Lone Trout Stops Coal Mine

London.—Close to 600 men lost a day's work this week at a colliery in Lanarkshire through a trout choking the water supply for the boilers. The cage could not be lifted to the pithead, as the boilers were not working. After a great deal of trouble the cause of the breakdown was discovered. The trout weighed one pound and six ounces. Work was resumed next day.

BIG AND LITTLE HATS THE VOGUE

Even Showing of Both Types of Headgear, Writes Paris Fashion Correspondent.

COLORED VELVETS ARE SHOWN

New Blue Has Influence on Millinery; Tinted Facings on Black Also Welcome Departure; Ribbons Are Used.

Hats increase in size as winter approaches. In the early autumn there was a decided preference for small hats. Any discussion, asserts a Paris fashion writer in the New York Tribune, as to whether small or large shapes will prevail never seems worth while because as any season advances the demand for the large hat is augmented. In midwinter as well as in midsummer the large hat invariably makes its appearance. Now there is about an even showing of both types.

No striking changes in shapes can be recorded, but much that is attention arresting appears in colors, materials and trimmings. The predominance of velvet over hatter's plush is an interesting note.

It is several seasons since colored velvets have had such a vogue. We always have had a certain number of black velvet hats, but blue or red velvet in headgear has been an exception in recent years.

The new blue, popularized by Madeleine et Madeleine of Paris, has had considerable influence on millinery. Hats in the lighter shades of blue velvet, during the last few seasons, have been looked upon as commonplace and consequently received no showing at the smart establishments.

Bright-Hued Velvets.

Since those high in authority in the hat world have called a right-about-face, the despised light-colored velvet hat makes its appearance in the most select circles. Such a revolution cannot fail to please a certain type of American woman who always has included in her wardrobe a blue hat because of its becomingness. This blue is not the color of the navy uniform, but that of the Frenchman's army coat.

Colored facings on black hats also are a welcome departure. These innovations aid in solving the much-discussed question as to whether a woman shall be smartly or appealingly dressed. They make a happy compromise between the two.

There is a vogue for trimming black hats with colored ribbons—a revival of a very old-time fashion. The Paris milliners who make hats to the order

No. 1—Louison Model of Panne Velvet, Trimmed with Glycerined Feathers. No. 2—Maria Guy Hat of French Blue Velvet. No. 3—Hat of Violet Colored Velvet With Unusual Feather Trimming. No. 4—French Hat of Velvet Trimmed With Metal Leaf.

of each customer are linking the color of the gown with the hat trimming. Bows of bright colored ribbon frequently appear on black hats. A large shape may have the bows beneath the brim at either side. The loops are somewhat long and the ends even longer.

Ribbons Enliven Black Hats.

If the fashion for colored ribbons on black hats is enthusiastically received in this country it will mean many made-to-order hats, which will insure more becoming millinery than we have had recently.

In this country the milliner has shown her hats, the customer tried them on, and if she found one that was satisfactory she either bought it or ordered one like it. But the French milliner and her client have proceeded along an entirely different line. So exacting were the customers and so painstaking the hat maker in creating individual styles that she practically made each hat on her customer's head.

To insure a perfectly becoming contour, to arrive at just the most becoming angle, to add to or lower the height of a crown or breadth of a brim, the French milliner poses the hat in its first crude form and then works with shears and pins to have it exactly right for the purchaser.

This means that long hours must be spent in the millinery showroom, which is practically a workroom, as many of the hats are constructed there on the customers' heads and finished afterward. It means sitting before a mirror trying on any number of models, tilting them this way and that way and matching color to eyes and hair.

Fitting the Hat and Dress.

Such a lengthy process will never find favor in this country, as no American woman cares to give so much time to the purchase of one article of dress. And one can imagine the growing impatience of an American milliner if called upon to spend half a day with a single customer. Business proceeds too rapidly in this country for that. But there may be a happy compromise between the two methods; the one of hurrying a woman out of the shop with

Set From Elaine of the Rue de la Paix, Consisting of Scarf in Spanish Style and Hat to Match.

a hat that is fashionable but not at all suitable to her particular type, and the other of spending so long a time in constructing one that is suitable.

Since there is nothing that contributes more to a woman's appearance than a becoming hat, it is worth while to spend a reasonable amount of time in its selection and to make a few extra trips to the milliner for fitting. There is as much reason for fitting a hat as there is for fitting a dress, although we have not always thought so.

With a few changes even the extreme novelties, which the Paris milliner—always noted for her originality and her constant struggle for something new—often offers, may have their extreme and trying effects softened and be made flattering to different types of faces by individual fittings and adaptations to the good and bad points of the wearer.

Earrings Match Hat Ornaments.

Any woman who has taste and a milliner who will work with her along these lines may be sure of becoming and flattering hats, for defects may be cleverly concealed and marks of beauty accentuated.

Aside from being a head covering a hat should be an adornment. A woman should never buy one that does not add something to her looks. Mere smartness and being of the latest mode should not suffice.

Among the strikingly new trimmings this winter are ornaments to match earrings. The milliner thus invades the jeweler's realm and carries a stock of earrings to match hat trimmings.

A number of toques of Egyptian, Russian and Indian inspiration are trimmed in this way. Startling effects are obtained by draping colorful fabrics into Hindoo toques and sewing long pendant ornaments, frequently of jet or jade, in the folds. Real earrings are used in this way.

So much has been written about feather trimmings during the last few seasons that there is little more to say regarding them, but it may be stated that they are as fashionable as ever, and that many interesting things still are being done to feathers to produce weird and unusual effects.

France Contributes Gay Shawls.

Chenille has found considerable favor with millinery designers and is used with good effect in the Oriental turbans, thick strands of the chenille being loosely braided and wound about a turban shape. Uneven ends of chenille may fall from one side to make a trimming.

Cired ribbons are not new but still used. There is, however, a newcomer in the cire family. It is a cire serge ribbon grained with heavy ridges to present the appearance of serge or twilled cloth. It may be had in a number of colors and is used in a variety of ways, a favorite being that of forming a scarf ending in a stiff bow. In various widths it is used for the all-ribbon hat.

The Spanish shawl continues to have great vogue and many models are being brought out by French manufacturers which excel in brilliancy of color and depth of fringe those which come from the Orient via Spain.

The Paris milliner has adapted the Spanish shawl idea to her productions. Elaine, on the Rue de la Paix, shows a lovely set consisting of a scarf and hat in Spanish style. Lucie Hamar has had great success with her Spanish scarf-trimmed sailor.

Silence Frequently Golden.

Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hands on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.—Holmes.

Carries Several Lines.

"Opportunity may knock only once with some pertikler proposition," says Uncle Ezra, "but it'll be back lots of times with somethin' else."—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

PRIMITIVE LIVING IN HAITI

Natives Take No Pride in Appearance of Their Homes or Hamlets Where They Live.

All Haitian towns have a close family resemblance. There is always a big, brown, bare, dusty central place, with a tiny bandstand with steps painted in the national colors and surmounted by a single royal palm tree, called the "patrie." From this radiate wide, right-angle dirt streets lined by low houses, some of plastered mud, a few whitewashed, many of split palm trunks, most of them of thatch, nearly all with earth floors, all, except the few covered with corrugated iron in the center of town being roofed with thatch. Some have narrow sapling-pillared porches paved with little cobblestones, these sometimes also whitewashed; and where houses are missing are broken hedges of organ cactus on which hang drying rags of clothing. Facing the place is a more or less ruined church, farther off a large open market-place, with perhaps a few ragged thatch-roof shelters from the sun. Then there is sure to be a spick-and-span gendarmerie, with large numbers of docile prisoners and proud black gendarmes, perhaps a group of marines, or at any rate of their native prototypes, here and there stalking through the dusty streets, ignoring the respectful greetings of their teeming black populace squatted in their doorways or on their dirt floors. Little fagot fires on the ground behind or beside the huts, a well-worn path down to the river, and an indefinable scent of the tropics and black humanity living in primitive conditions complete the picture. Men who have seen both assert that a Congo village is a paradise compared with a Haitian hamlet. —Harry A. Franck in "Roaming Through the West Indies."

Pumping Plant for the Airplane.

Herr Fokker's excellent airplanes are too well known to require elaboration here. However, we note in looking over the plans of his latest creation, the "Fokker F-III," a passenger-carrying monoplane, that he has made use of a tiny power-driven pump which serves to transfer gasoline from the usual supply drums to the airplane tanks. The pump is mounted near the port side of the engine housing. From this pump a length of rubber tubing, normally coiled up inside the engine housing, can be taken outside the machine and its free end inserted in a gasoline can or drum. A few strokes of the pump soon transfers the gasoline to the airplane tank, and the pump is ready for the next can or drum, and so on. The entire operation of filling the airplane's tanks—and airplanes of such proportions seem to have an insatiable appetite for fuel—can be accomplished by one man in a few minutes, and there is no slopping over and spilling the gasoline all over the machine.—Scientific American.

Scarcity of Hurricanes.

No undue alarm should be occasioned on the part of public regarding the early appearance of hurricanes from the West Indies this year, declares the United States weather bureau. Referring to the recent storms in the Caribbean sea and the Gulf of Mexico, officials of the bureau state that although it is unusual to experience hurricanes in the month of June, the records of the bureau do not show that early storms of this character signify an increase in activity in the later months of the hurricane season.

A record of all the West India hurricanes that have been reported since the first voyage of Columbus is on file in the marine division of the weather bureau, and contains a great deal of interesting, if tragic, information. From this record it appears that hurricanes have occurred in June in only eight years during the last century. Only one of these, 1886, was marked by a greater than average number of storms for the remaining months.

Use Wild Crab Apples.

Perhaps you have sniffed the elusive, spicy gusts of fragrance from wild crab-apple blossoms in the spring of year; but you may not yet have discovered the value of those blossoms when by autumn they have turned into ripe little crab apples, says the Woman's Home Companion. They have excellent jellying properties, which make the fruit valuable not only by itself alone, but particularly in combination with fruits which would not make jelly of themselves. Moreover, they add zest and flavor to insipid fruits. The wild "crabs" cook up very soft but do not get mushy, and though the skins are tough, they are easily removed.

It would be a patriotic duty for the housewife to make use of these wild native fruits and so justify their preservation, for at present they are too widely being cut down as worthless.

Photograph Aurora Borealis.

A Norwegian scientist, M. Stormer, was able to have photographed, at several points in his country, the aurora borealis seen last May, which upset telegraph lines and cables, and provided a gorgeous display in many parts of the world. Comparing these photographs in relation to known stars photographed at the same time, he has calculated the height at which this aurora borealis was spread forth—namely 312½ miles. Thus, since the aurora borealis is by proof an electrical illumination of the rarified air gases, the earth's atmosphere extends at least that distance above the earth's surface.—Detroit News.

Out to the Nth.

This phrase signifies wholly, or to the utmost degree. The expression is taken from a mathematical formula, where n stands for any number. "Out to the nth, plus one," is another form of the phrase, n plus 1 signifying more than any number.

Historical and Genealogical Notes and Queries

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1921

NOTES

The Verrazzanno Letter

(Continued)

The complexion of these people is black, not much different from that of the Ethiopians; their hair is black and thick and not very long; it is worn tied back upon the head in the form of a little tail. In person they are of good proportions, of middle stature, a little above our own, broad across the breast, strong in the arms, and well formed in the legs and other parts of the body; the only exception to their good looks is that they have broad faces, but not all, however, as we saw many that had sharp ones, with large black eyes and a fixed expression. They are not very strong in body, but acute in mind, active and swift of foot, as far as we could judge by observation. In these last two particulars they resemble the people of the East, especially those the most remote. We could not learn a great many particulars of their usages on account of our short stay among them and the distance of our ship from the shore.

We found not far from this people another whose mode of life we judged to be similar. The whole shore is covered with fine sand, about fifteen feet thick, rising in the form of little hills about fifty paces broad. Ascending farther we found several arms of the sea which make in through inlets, washing the shores on both sides as the coast runs. An outstretched country appears at a little distance rising somewhat above the sandy shore in beautiful fields and broad plains, covered with unusual forests of trees, more or less dense, too various in colours and too delightful and charming in appearance to be described. I do not believe that they are like the Hercynian forests or the rough wilds of Scythia, and the northern regions full of vines and common trees, but adorned with palms, laurels, sypress, and other varieties unknown in Europe, that send forth the sweetest fragrance to a great distance, but which we could not examine more closely for the reasons before given, and not on account of any difficulty in traversing the woods, which on the contrary are easily penetrated.

As the "East" stretches around this country, I think it cannot be devoid of the same medicinal and aromatic drugs, and various riches of gold and the like, as in animals, as deer, stag, hares and many other similar, and with a great variety of birds of every kind of pleasant and delightful sports. It is plentifully supplied with lakes and ponds of running water, and being in the latitude of 34, the air is salubrious, pure and temperate, and free from the extremes of both heat and cold. There are no violent winds in these regions, the most prevalent are the northwest and west. In summer, the season in which we were there, the sky is clear with but little rain; if fogs and mists are at any time driven in by the southwind, they are instantaneously dissipated, and at once it becomes serene and bright again. The sea is calm, not boisterous, and its waves are gentle. Although the whole coast is low and without harbors, it is not dangerous for navigation, being free from rocks and bold, so that within four or five fathoms from the shore there are twenty-four feet of water at all times of tide, and this depth constantly increases in a uniform proportion. The holding ground is so good that no ship can part her cable, however violent the wind, as we proved by experience; for while riding at anchor on the coast, we were overtaken by a gale in the beginning of March, when the winds are high, as is usual in all countries, we found our anchor broken before it started from its hold or moved at all.

We set sail from this place, continuing to coast along the shore, which we found stretching out to the west (east?); the inhabitants being numerous, we saw everywhere a multitude of fires. While at anchor on this coast, there being no harbour to enter, we sent the boat on shore with twenty-five men to obtain water, but it was not possible to land without endangering the boat, on account of the unusual high surf thrown up by the sea, as it was an open roadstead. Many of the natives came to the beach, indicating by various friendly signs that we might trust ourselves on shore. One of their noble deeds of friendship deserves to be made known to your majesty. A young sailor was attempting to swim ashore through the surf to carry them some knick-knacks, as little bells, looking-glasses and other like trifles; when he came near three or four of them, he tossed the things to them, and turned about to get back to the boat, but he was thrown over by the waves and so dashed by them that he lay as it were dead upon the beach. When these people saw him in this situation they ran and took him up by the head, legs and arms and carried him to a distance from the surf; the young man, finding himself borne off in this way, uttered very loud shrieks in fear and dismay, while they answered as they could in their language, showing him that he had no cause for fear. Afterwards they laid him down at the foot of a little hill, where they took off his shirt and trousers and examined him, expressing the greatest astonishment at the whiteness of his skin. Our sailors in the boat seeing a great fire made up and their companion placed very near it, full of fear, as is usual in all cases of novelty, imagined that the natives were about to roast him for food. But as soon as he had recovered his strength after a short stay with them, showing by signs that he wished to return aboard, they hugged him with great affection and accompanied him to the shore. There leaving him that he might feel more secure, they withdrew to a little hill from which they watched him until he was safe in the boat. This young man remarked that these people were black like the others, that they had shining skins, middle stature, and sharper faces, and very delicate bodies and limbs, and that they were inferior in strength, but quick in their minds; this is all

flowing the shore, which stretched to the north, we came, in the space of fifty leagues, to another land, which appeared very beautiful and full of the largest forests. We approached it and going ashore with twenty men, we went back from the coast about two leagues, and found that the people had fled and hid themselves in the woods for fear. By searching around we discovered in the grass a very old woman and a young girl of about eighteen or twenty, who had concealed themselves for the same reason; the old woman carried two infants on her shoulders and behind her neck a little boy eight years of age; when we came up to them they began to shriek and make signs to the men, who had fled to the woods. We gave them a part of our provisions, which they accepted with delight, but the girl would not touch any; everything we offered to her being thrown down in great anger. We took the little boy from the old woman to carry with us to France, and would have taken the girl also, who was very beautiful and very tall, but it was impossible because of the loud shrieks she uttered as we attempted to lead her away; having to pass some woods, and being far from the ship, we determined to leave her and take the boy only. We found them fairer than the others and wearing a covering made of certain plants, which hung down from the branches of the trees, tying them together with threads of wild hemp; their heads are without covering and of the same shape as the others. Their food is a kind of pulse which there abounds, differen in colour and size from ours, and of a very delicious flavour. Besides they take birds and fish for food, using snares and bows made of hard wood, with reeds for arrows, in the ends of which they put the bones of fish and other animals. The animals in these regions are wilder than in Europe, from being continually molested by the hunters. We saw many of their boats, made of one tree twenty feet long and four feet broad, without the air of stone or iron or other kind of metal. In the whole country, for the space of two hundred leagues, which we visited, we saw no stone of any sort. To hollow out their boats, they burn out as much of a log as is requisite, and also from the prow and stern to make them float well on the sea. The land in situation, fertility and beauty, is like the other, abounding also in forests filled with various kinds of trees, but not of such fragrance, as it is more northern and colder.

We saw in this country many vines, growing naturally, which entwine about the trees and run up upon them as they do in the plains of Lombardy. These vines would doubtless produce excellent wine if they were properly cultivated and attended to, as we have often seen the grapes which they produce, very sweet and pleasant, and not unlike our own. They must be held in estimation by them, as they carefully remove the shrubbery from around them, wherever they grow, to allow the fruit to ripen better. We found also wild roses, violets, lilies and many sorts of plants and fragrant flowers different from our own. We cannot describe their habitations, as they are in the interior of the country, but from various indications we conclude that they must be formed of trees and shrubs. We saw also many grounds for conjecturing that they often sleep in the open air, without any covering but the sky. Of their other usages we know nothing; we believe, however, that all the people we were among live in the same way.

(To be continued)

MIDDLETOWN

Death of Alfred W. Chase

Another of the few remaining representatives of the former type of schoolmaster has passed away in the person of Alfred Wightman Chase, whose death took place at his home on Clinton Avenue, Newport, in the early morning of last Tuesday. Mr. Chase continued in his vocation of teacher until past seventy-five years of age, and was permitted to enjoy a respite of several years after his retirement, dying in his eighty-seventh year. His boyhood and youth were spent on a farm, where the opportunity and requirement for manual labor had contributed to his physical development and given him a strong and vigorous constitution, not often possessed in these days by the generality of school teachers, and had prolonged his life far beyond the fourscore mark, and well on to ninety years. His early life was spent on farms in Middletown and Portsmouth, rented by his father, John C. Chase. Soon after 1850, his father removed to Conecticut and engaged in farming in the towns of Lebanon and Willimantic and was assisted by his son Alfred, who took an educational course in the Lebanon Academy, Connecticut. After completing this course he began teaching school during the winter and cultivating the farm during the summer season for a long period. After 1879 he engaged in teaching almost exclusively.

In 1877 he returned to his native State and took up his residence in Middletown. He taught at the Peabody School and at the Oliphant also, until 1882, when he was engaged as a teacher in the Newport schools and soon after was made Principal of the Cranston Avenue Grammar School, continuing in that position until his retirement. His employment as school teacher extended over half a century. Between the years 1857 and 1907 great and manifold were the changes in the methods of conducting schools, but Mr. Chase was able to adapt himself to the new and more advanced methods. The good soldier is perfected through constant training and by diligent attention to the rules of military discipline. A faculty to understand individual characteristics and capacity to learn, and an ability to govern, discipline and mould the minds of youth, are absolutely essential to the success of a school teacher, and these were attainments which Mr. Chase possessed and exemplified in the practice of his profession.

Mr. Benjamin W. H. Peckham, Jr., spent the holidays in Providence with his family.

Mr. Harold Peckham of Westport, N. Y., spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham.

Mrs. William F. Bayton, who has been confined to her bed by illness the past three weeks, is so far improved as to be able to sit up for a part of each day.

Miss Louise Gray, who has been en- [illegible] question has returned to

USE AIRPLANES IN BOOTLEGGING

American Enlists Mexican Aviator to Carry Booze Across the Border.

NO TROUBLE GETTING ORDERS

Carries 120 Bottles on First Trip and Lands on Spot Indicated by Circle of Flashlights in Hands of Six Men.

El Paso, Tex.—The idea of carrying liquor into the United States by airplane probably originated in the City of Hermosillo, in Mexico. There one day a wealthy American met a young Mexican aviator who owned a very fine plane. The Mexican was active, energetic, and full of pep and desire for adventure. With him it was not a matter of violating any law, but rather of experiencing the excitement of running into danger. With the American it was a plain case of making money.

They discussed the pros and cons for a long time, with the result that the Mexican agreed to establish himself near the American border and place himself under orders from the American.

The American visited one of the largest cities of the West and had no trouble in getting orders for liquor. A day and hour were fixed when the plane should deliver the goods, and the landing place, some distance from the city, was decided on. The American then returned to the border and bought the liquor, causing it to be transported to the hangar. The aviator had made one experimental trip to learn the topography of the country, and was ready to take on his cargo.

Landed in a Circle of Light.

At 7:30 p. m. on the day appointed he made a start, flying with great accuracy to the meeting place, where he arrived at 1:45 a. m. Six men, assembled in a circle at the landing place, guided him with flashlights, enabling him to guide the plane to the exact spot where it was expected to land.

He had on board ten cases—120 bottles. He had expected a lot of roughnecks to whom he was to deliver the liquor, but instead he met prominent business and professional men in automobiles, who stowed their respective shares into their cars, paid the money, and drove away. The landing place was over ten miles from the city for which the drivers were bound. The aviator then took on a supply of gasoline, which had been left for him, and flew back for Mexico, arriving near dawn.

While he would not give the exact figures, it was easy to estimate, judging by the price of good whisky in that section, that he took in in the neighborhood of $2,000.

Three Trips a Week.

He was so much pleased with his first experience that he sought his American partner at once and had a serious conference with him regarding the extension of the business. He thought, if the business warranted it, he could get two or three more planes with experienced aviators to run them. But this was for the future, although he did not know at the time that this future would be much nearer than he had anticipated.

The American had in the meantime made other "business" trips to other cities and had found it possible to make arrangements for many ready cash sales. But the lack of planes became a hindrance to the extension of the business, and the Mexican had to content himself with making about three trips a week, going to a different city on each trip.

The first trip was made last February, and by May two more planes had been added to the "fleet." Regular schedules were arranged and new trips devised. While all the routes are indicated to start from Juarez, several are some distance from that city, but may still be called in the "neighborhood."

The line to Los Angeles will probably be abandoned, as the American received information that a similar enterprise has been started at Tia Juana and will cover the cities of California.

Accident Restores Sight.

Greensberry, Ind.—Albert Funk of this city was splitting kindling the other day when a chip flew and struck him in the eye, on which a cataract had been formed for 21 years. Mr. Funk was surprised to find that the accident had restored his sight. The wound, which caused the restoration of the man's sight, is not serious.

Marine, Weighing 336 Pounds, Enlists Again

The fighting tonnage of the marine corps was increased 336 pounds when Gunnery Sergeant James D. Turrelant of Philadelphia re-enlisted. His No. 12 shoes stand him in good stead. On a 40-mile hike in Haiti he finished with two rifles, three packs and one exhausted recruit under his arm.

Opinion Is Everything.

Consider that everything is opinion and opinion is in thy power. Take away, then, when thou choosest, thy opinion, and like a mariner who has doubled the promontory, thou wilt find calm, everything stable, and a waveless bay.—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

BOOSTS ARMY MUSIC

Pershing Orders School Established in Washington.

Walter Damrosch Has Pledged Assistance in Work of Organization—Plan to Make Army Music as Good as Best.

Washington.—Army music soon will compare with that of the best orchestras and bands of the country. Popular music will be supplemented by the classical masterpieces and a superband and orchestra will be created from army musicians.

General Pershing already has ordered the establishment here of the army music school, and Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony orchestra, has pledged him assistance in the work of organization. Both are determined, through the school, to elevate music in the army.

The first move to better army music was made by General Pershing soon after he took over the office of chief of staff. One of his first actions was to transfer the school from Fort Jay, New York, and direct that it be reorganized as a "superband, comparable only to the splendid band which was organized in France." Mr. Damrosch at first was opposed to the removal of the school from New York, believing students would have better advantages to hear good music and study it in New York than in Washington. It was Mr. Damrosch who organized the famous "Pershing's Own" at Chaumont, headquarters of the American expeditionary forces, which won great distinction among the military bands of the allied armies, and later was sent to tour the United States during one of the Liberty loan campaigns.

First evidences of the success of the school were exhibited recently when the students were used to welcome the various armament conference delegations. The school band was called upon to furnish music for the receptions at the Union station and attracted attention in every instance by the perfection with which it played.

COON IS "BOTTLE BABY"

The husky young racoon which Miss Leah Sharpless of the Germantown (Pa.) Y. W. C. A. holds in her arms was born and caught in Nova Scotia. He was caught while still very young and presented to Miss Sharpless, who brought her odd pet up "on the bottle."

PAYS RENT WITH HORSESHOES

Odd English Custom Re-enacted Each Year by Tenant of Plot of Ground in Strand.

London.—One of the old customs for which England is famous was seen the other day, when two bundles of faggots, a hatchet, a billhook, six horseshoes and "sixty and one" horse shoe nails were given to an agent of King George V as "rent in kind" for a small plot of land in the Strand, where a forge originally stood, and another piece of land in Shropshire. The king's remembrancer received the rent on behalf of the crown. In the year 1235 a tournament was being held in a field where the law courts now stand, and during the tournament a knight's armor gave way. A smith repaired it so well that the king gave him the right to erect a forge on the field, stipulating that the annual rent should be six horseshoes and sixty and one nails. The rent has been so paid every year down to the present one.

Tree Saved Family.

Frankfort, Ky.—Dr. J. M. Van Dermuelen, his wife and son narrowly escaped drowning in floods in the Kentucky river when their automobile ran off a bank on the river road. A tree kept the machine from sliding into the river and none was seriously hurt. Van Dermuelen is president of the Presbyterian Theological seminary, Louisville, and widely known in Tennessee.

Ten Bass From One Hole.

Cascade, La.—Jacob Loes, seventy-six years old and Civil war veteran, holds the record for the bass season. On November 1 Loes caught ten black bass that averaged over two pounds each. The bass were all taken from the same hole and big-mouthed chubs were used for bait. Loes walked five miles to make the catch.

Elephant's Reflective Powers.

John Burroughs says that while an elephant may not think, he at least reflects. He cites to prove this the fact that the elephant covers himself with mud to keep insects from biting, and uses branches like a fan to brush flies away from him.

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Mortgagee's Sale

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Joseph T. Keeley, deceased, late of the City and County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, (Annie L. Keeley, wife of the said Joseph, joining in said deed in release of dower), to William Brenton Greene, Jr., of Princeton, in the State of New Jersey, and Richard J. A. Greene, of said Newport, dated December 21st, 1918, and recorded in Volume 61 of the Mortgage Land Evidence of the said City of Newport, at pages 149, 150, 151 and 152 therein, and afterwards assigned to the undersigned on the 17th day of November, A. D. 1921, said assignment being recorded in the Mortgage Land Evidence of the said City of Newport in Volume 67 thereof at pages 305-306, breach of said mortgage having been made and still existing, the undersigned will sell at public auction on the hereinafter described premises on the 27th day of December, A. D. 1921, at 12 o'clock noon, all the right, title and interest which the said Joseph T. Keeley had at the time of the execution of the said mortgage and did by said mortgage convey in a certain estate situate in said City of Newport, and bounded and described as follows: Lots 88, 89 and 90 on a plat entitled "Map of Land belonging to Greene estate, William H. Lawton, Civil Engineer, Sept. 16, 1918, Newport, R. I." on file in the office of the City Clerk of the said City of Newport, to which said plat reference is hereby made and the same is hereby made a part hereof, said parcel of land being more particularly bounded and described as follows: Northeasterly one hundred and sixteen (116) feet on Mumford avenue; Southeasterly, eighty feet and one-tenth of a foot (80.1) by Lot No. 91 on the above-mentioned plat; Southwesterly, one hundred and six (106) feet by land of William Brenton Greene, Jr., and Northwesterly, seventy feet and five-tenths of a foot (70.5) by land facing Russell avenue, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described; said premises being all that was granted by said Mortgage Deed, which Deed is hereby made a part hereof.

And the said undersigned mortgagee hereby gives notice that he intends to bid for said property at said sale thereof.

FRANK P. NOLAN
Assignee of Mortgage.

Newport, R. I., December 2nd, 1921.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, December 8th, 1921.

Estate of Annie M. Winters

PETITION in writing is made by Max Cross, of said Newport, praying, for reasons therein stated, that she, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the person and estate of Annie M. Winters a person of full age, of said Newport, and said petition is received and referred to the third day of January next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury, citation having been served according to law.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
12-17 Clerk.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., Dec. 17, 1921.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Guardian of the persons and estates of EARL A., EZRA C. and SPENCER SMITH, minors, all of said New Shoreham, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said wards are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

HARRY L. SMITH,
12-17 Guardian.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., Dec. 17, 1921.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the real and personal estate of CHARLES E. ALLEN, late of New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ELMER A. ALLEN,
12-17 Administrator.

Probate Court, Middletown, R. I., December 19, A. D. 1921.

Estate of David Coggeshall

ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator on the estate of David Coggeshall, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his fifth and final account therewith, showing full distribution thereof to the persons entitled thereto, and thereon prays that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that said account be referred for consideration to the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown on Monday, the sixteenth day of January next, A. D. 1922, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
12-24-3w Probate Clerk.

The Burden of a Name.

"Few great men's sons ever amount to much," said a man at the club the other evening. "I think the most striking reason for this I ever read," he continued, "was that given by the second duke of Wellington. Someone remarked to him: 'I cannot understand how it is that you, with your great interest in and knowledge of public affairs, have taken so little part in them.' 'Ah,' replied the duke, 'if you had sat so long under the shadow of a great tree, you would have been as colorless as I.'"

Timepiece Made in 1551.

The oldest English-made clock known is in the tower of the palace at Hampton court, where it was placed in 1551. It was so complete it showed the motions of several of the planets, in addition to measuring the time. Part of the original mechanism is still in place.

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